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THIRTY THOUSAND MILES
IN
THE WANDERER

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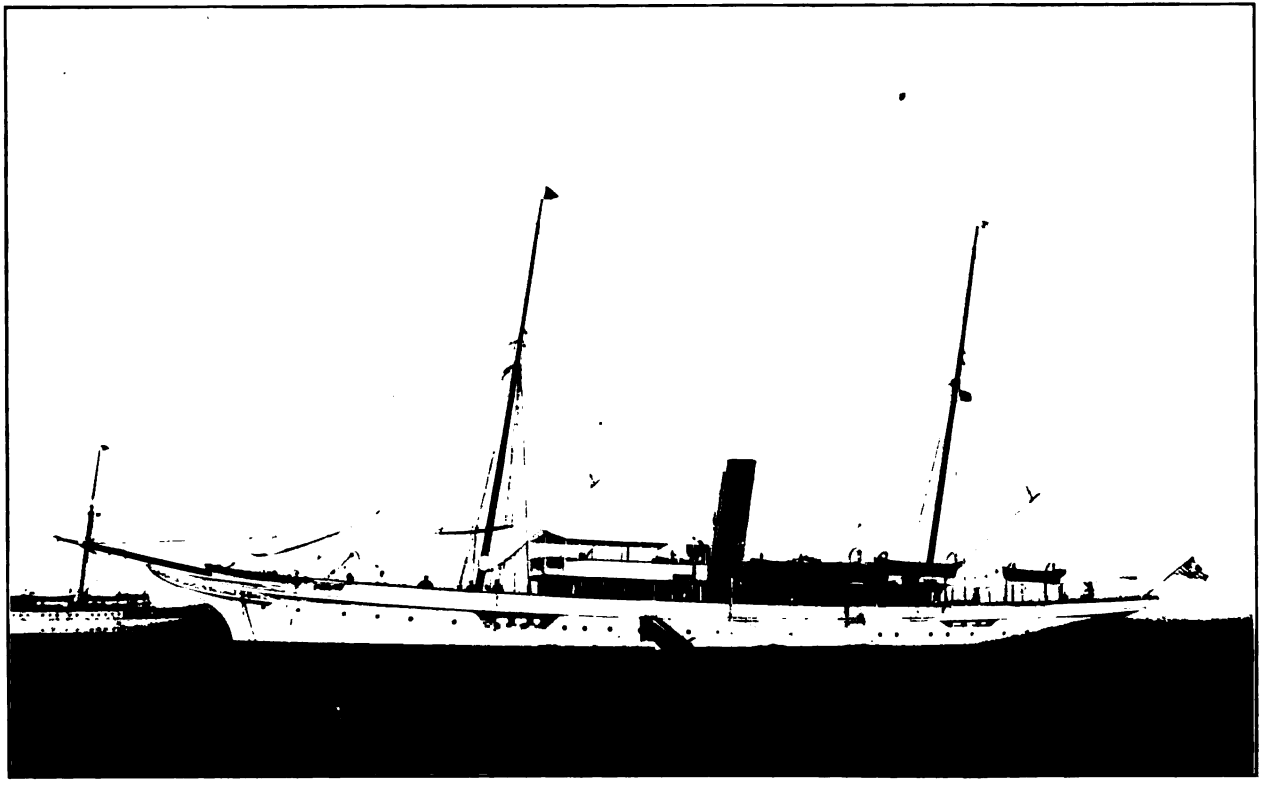

The Wanderer at Cowes.

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Thirty Thousand Miles in "The Wanderer"

Extracts from the Log kept at Various Times by

John Boit and Sam P. Blagden, Jr.

Edited by

C. L. F. Robinson

New York

R. H. Russell

1903

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THIRTY THOUSAND MILES IN THE WANDERER

A FEW words will not be out of place in regard to the vessel which carried us so safely and well.

The "Wanderer," built in 1897 by Ramage and Ferguson, Scotland, and designed by St. Clair Byrne, is a pole-masted, screw schooner of 480 tons yacht measurement; 168 ft. water line, 200 ft. on deck and 25 ft. beam, drawing, when loaded, 13 feet. Her accommodations are most excellent for a vessel of her size, consisting of two rooms on deck, a large dining-saloon below, nine state-rooms and four baths. Her name formerly was the "Kethailes."

After purchasing her I put in an excellent Hall & Co.'s cold storage plant, enlarged her bridge and generally put her in condition to withstand the heat of a cruise to the West Indies.

THE LONG CRUISE BEGUN

We sailed, with all hands, from New York bound to Cape Florida. The party consisted of Woodbury Kane, Stuyvesant LeRoy, John Boit, Dr. Harry J. Knapp and myself. A more beautiful day could not be imagined. We passed Scotland Lightship about

Wednesday, Dec. 11, 1901

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5.30 P.M., and to our great relief found the sea very calm. Under these favoring auspices, as the log remarks, "We drank success to our trip, ourselves, our friends, and many other things."

Thursday, Dec. 12

All hands on deck in the morning, finding it to be a beautiful sunny day, absolutely calm, and warm enough to sit comfortably on the bridge without overcoats. Everybody spent the day getting into shape, and recovering from the festivities incidental to leaving New York. We passed Diamond Shoals Lightship about 4 P.M., and Cape Hatteras about 9 P.M., the weather remaining perfectly calm.

Friday, Dec. 13

A doubly ill-omened day. About 4 A.M. we struck a heavy breeze abeam, and the good ship responded bravely, doing her best to put us on our sea-legs. "Stuyvy" and the Commodore succumbed at once, and we decided that it would be much better to put into Charleston that night, instead of going farther south. Reached Charleston Lightship about 10.30 P.M., but were unable to induce a pilot to come out to us, so were compelled to anchor there and pitch all night.

Saturday, Dec. 14

Distance from New York 605 miles

About 9 A.M. Spriddell decided to take the vessel in, and we anchored off the beautiful battery of Charleston about 10 A.M., landing at the Yacht Club. We were there accosted by a kindly looking gentleman, who asked us if by chance we knew Pembroke Jones; and upon learning Mr. Jones was a friend of ours, he at once offered us the hospitality of the city. In fact, everyone in Charleston seems to be a friend

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of Jones and very eager to do the honors on his behalf. We ran across dear old Colonel Creighton, of Newport, who told us that Judge Brawley had just passed into the court-house. Judge Brawley is also an old Newport friend, and we looked him up. He at once asked us to lunch, and we accepted the invitation with pleasure.

In the forenoon we went out to the new Fair, and after walking through uncompleted buildings and over torn-up ground, gave up in disgust, and returned to the Judge's for luncheon. The Judge introduced us to some rare vintages of rye whiskey. Then he took us through the town, and put us in the kindly hands of Andrew Simonds, who is a most desirable person to know in Charleston. Mr. Simonds immediately insisted upon having all the youth and beauty of the place presented to the Captain. "Stuyvy," however, was true to New York, and refused to be inveigled into any parties. But the Captain and the Commodore went ashore about 9 P.M., and spent a most pleasant evening with Mr. and Mrs. Simonds.

Sunday, Dec. 15

Finding a strong north-west wind blowing, we decided to sail at once. Got off about 11 A.M., and passed Martin's Industry Lightship about 5.30 P.M. A beautiful, calm day, for although the wind was blowing so strong, it was directly off land.

Monday, Dec. 16

Another uneventful but charming twenty-four hours. We passed Jupiter Inlet about 5.30 P.M., and reached our berth off Cape Florida about 1 A.M. The Commodore and the Captain had an anxious

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evening, as the book of directions had filled them with the terrors and uncertainty of the Gulf Stream. We were lucky, however, and made our berth exactly on the fishing grounds.

KINGFISHING IN FLORIDA WATERS.

Tuesday, Dec. 17

Distance from Charleston 460 miles

Boit and the Doctor were very doubtful about the fishing in Florida, and listened to the Commodore's tales of kingfishing with an air of critical superiority. They even questioned his ability to put them on the fishing grounds, and generally made themselves very disagreeable.

About 9 A.M. we were delighted to see a vessel putting out from the Miami. It turned out to be the "Savala," with Frank Griswold and Ned Padelford on board, who hailed us and said that the Ball brothers were following in their boat. We also chartered a small Spanish sponging schooner, so that all hands might have a whack at the kingfishing. About 10 A.M. we got in the various boats. The Captain was going to lend Boit his heavy rod, intending himself to use a light trout rod. Luckily for the Captain's tackle, a kingfish struck Boit's rod first; the latter was unable to get his rod up, and the sad pleasure was his of seeing all the line run out to the end and then go to sea with the kingfish. He then decided that it was much easier to fish with a hand line. The fish were plentiful and the sport splendid.

As the "Wanderer" was lying about half-way between Foyey's lights, we fished around the vessel,

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up and down the ship's channel. As we got into deeper water we commenced trolling, for you may pick up a few Spanish mackerel as you get off shore; so, bending a three-inch, block-tin squid on to a snell of brass wire, I put the line overboard. These squids, —a simple, strong, and efficient lure for most of the surface-feeding fish in Florida waters,—are made in different sizes, ranging from a couple of inches in length to six or eight, and are practically indestructible. Less substantial bait, such as spoons, spinners, etc., is soon destroyed, or rendered useless by the sharp and powerful teeth with which nearly all the game fish of Florida are armed. Effective squids are also made of wood and bone, and no angler in Florida waters should be without them. For trolling, the best lines are made of braided flax, or cotton, as these are less likely to kink or tangle than ordinary "twisted" ones. In length they should be about 150 feet; and a stout copper or brass wire snood, or snell, two to three feet in length, is indispensable.

The Southern kingfish (a species of Cavalli) is a beautiful fish, and is common amongst the Florida keys and reefs. It is also found throughout the West Indies, and on the east coast of South America. As a game fish it has no superior, its movements being extraordinarily rapid; and it is possessed of wonderful agility, leaping higher out of the water than any fish I have ever seen. I have frequently seen them jump at least ten feet clear of the water. As a food fish, it is much esteemed by the natives.

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Allied to the mackerel family, it somewhat resembles that fish in form and habits, but runs from ten to

Hawk Him Out. Cape Florida.

nearly forty pounds in weight. (I saw one of the latter weight in the market at Key West.) The coloring is a beautiful dark-blue on the back, and an opalescent

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silver on the sides and belly, with a thin, wavy, lateral line that has the appearance of a seam, the stitches being apparently visible. It is a carnivorous-feeding, surface fish, and appears to go in schools; frequents spots generally off shore. The usual mode of catching the kingfish is by trolling from a sailing-boat. The Florida fishermen use a large hook, baited with a strip of pork-rind; but a block-tin squid, or heavy spinner, is still more efficacious with a rod and reel.

We sailed for several miles without getting a strike, and had reached the deep-water channel when I felt a heavy jerk. I knew by the strain on the line that I had got hold of a good-sized fish, and hauling it on board by main strength, found I had caught a fine Rece-Grouper, an excellent table fish, weighing about ten pounds. We were now passing Cape Florida, a low shelving point of dazzling white sand, backed by a dense forest of mangrove and other bushes; while close to the foot of the tall red brick tower and the ruins of what had been the light-keeper's house, a clump of tall cocoanut palms were waving and rustling their graceful feather crests in the crisp sea-breeze. Ahead were lines of snow-white breakers, tumbling on the coral reefs, which sheltered us from the ocean, throwing up showers of spray that glittered like liquid silver in the bright sunlight; and away to the south-east a large black buoy was lazily heaving and tossing on the long swell.

"When we reach that buoy we will be on the kingfish ground," I said, "and you'd better have a look

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at your line and see it is all right." So hauled in, put on a larger-sized squid with a stouter wire snell, made the inboard end of the line fast to a stanchion, and again dropped the bait overboard. As we drew out from the shelter of the reefs the sea became more choppy, and every now and again a dash of spray would sparkle and flash over the weather-bow of our little craft as she flung the white foam from her sharp stern, giving the crew a taste of the Gulf Stream water. We were going a good seven knots, and as this pace was too fast for trolling, we shortened sail and reduced the speed to about five knots.

We had now passed the buoy, and the tower on Cape Florida was bearing north-west, distant about two and a half miles, when suddenly I saw a magnificent fish shoot fully ten feet out of the water right across our wake, describing a long and beautiful curve in the air before it clove the water headforemost and disappeared. "Kingfish," said the helmsman; "he struck at your squid and missed. Look out now, we are among them." The next instant there flashed across our wake a streak of silver. I felt a quick sharp strike, and then the line flew through my hands. The sharpie was at once luffed up, and I was then able to hold the fish, which was making a desperate fight, darting backwards and forwards in a zigzag fashion with marvelous speed. But the gear was strong, and after a sharp tussle, which lasted for a couple of minutes, I had him under the stern, still fighting hard, and then lifted him into the cockpit—a beautiful king-

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fish, weighing fully twenty pounds. It took several sharp blows from an iron belaying pin (which was

At Last. Cape Florida.

serving duty for a "Priest") to quiet him; and we were all fully sprinkled with blood before the hook was extracted from his formidable jaws, the sharp,

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lancet-shaped teeth of which had cut deep into the solid block-tin squid. After duly admiring him, we again got under way in the sharpie and put the line overboard; but before a hundred yards had been sailed I hooked another, which was quickly played and secured. A third, after a hard struggle, got away, the wire snood breaking on the taffrail. Then came a lull. "We are off the bround—ready about" was the order, and around came the sharpie.

By this time I had mounted another squid on two parts of twisted brass wire, and was ready for action. We were soon amongst the fish again, which were evidently on the feed, for strike after strike followed in rapid succession. Several times I purposely jerked the squid away, causing those beautiful creatures to miss it and make their wonderful leaps. By this time my hands and arms were sore and tired, and I was glad to call in the assistance of one of the Ball brothers, who formed "the crew." I then contented myself with hooking the fish, letting him have the pleasure and excitement of hauling them in. The cockpit was soon filled with fish and blood, while our clothes and rubber boots, to say nothing of our faces and hands, had received a liberal sprinkling of the dark-red fluid. We had caught enough to supply the wants of the "Wanderer," and were tired of slaughter, so we decided to stop and sail back to the yacht for luncheon. Before we got there I hooked another beauty, and had got it close alongside when a huge dark mass shot upward through the clear, green

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water; and upon lifting the catch over the side, I found that the "tail half" had disappeared in the jaws of a ten-foot shark, having been severed as cleanly as if it had been cut with a knife.

Lunched and drank the health of *Le Roi Poisson*. In the afternoon we went with Frank Griswold on his boat, and he showed us how to catch barracoutta, as the photograph will show. Boit admits that no semi-veracious or unimaginative person can exaggerate the joys of Florida fishing, and that he has just had the day of his life.

Night closed with the Captain and the photographer each trying to tell the story of his life, and the Commodore busily but unsuccessfully endeavoring to snare a shark. "Stuyvy" was nursing a strained heart, which he claimed was occasioned by too much fishing.

Wednesday, Dec. 18

Another splendid day's fishing, but as the weather was looking uncertain we decided to start for Havana after luncheon. We had a lovely afternoon's run through the straits of Florida, passing a wrecked brigantine on French Reef. Unfortunately Boit's photographic apparatus was not in readiness, so we could not photograph her. We reached Sombrero Light about 9 P.M., and then headed across for Havana, being somewhat disturbed as to how much drift we ought to allow in crossing the Gulf Stream.

HAVANA HOSPITALITIES.

Thursday, Dec. 19

A beautiful, warm day. We reached Havana about 9 A.M., and found the North Atlantic Squadron

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Distance from Miami 220 miles

at anchor, with Admiral Higginson in charge. After saluting the flagship we anchored and went ashore, calling at once upon General Wood and then upon the Admiral. General Wood kindly made up a schedule for us, and arranged that we should be very busy during our stay in Havana.

Major Dunn, an old rough-rider, came aboard to see the Captain in the evening, and the boat was busy all day with callers.

Friday, Dec. 20

General Wood was kind enough to ask the Commodore and the Captain to go with him to lunch at the Rosario plantation, a sugar estate of Señor Pelayo.

Entrance to Harbor, Havana.

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Mrs. Wood, Admiral Higginson and other friends made up the party. After a very pleasant run on a special train, we reached the plantation about 1 P.M., and were shown over it, partaking afterwards of a wonderful repast out in the grove. Speech-making was rather difficult, as someone had to translate to our host our kindly sentiments, and *vice versa*.

We left about 4 P.M. for Havana, and just as we started from the plantation the train ran off the track. It was a marvelous sight to see Admirals and Governors, all in full uniform, endeavoring to put the engine on the track. But, like Humpty Dumpty, it seemed impossible, until the Judge-Advocate arrived, when that great man, with a few kindly words of direction, settled the difficulty. General Wood and his aides dined with us at 8 P.M., and then all hands went to a most interesting game of *Jai Alai*, which is a wonderful exhibition of skill. It is the same as *Pelotte Basque*, and we were all much impressed with the speed and accuracy of the players.

Saturday, Dec. 21

We lunched with Major and Mrs. Dunn, and afterwards went out with General Wood to witness a review of the Seventh Cavalry. We found Dusky Clark there, and he dined with us that night.

Sunday, Dec. 22

The Captain announced that the countersign for the day would be "*It is elegant flying, but it is hell when you light.*"

We lunched with General Wood at the Palace, and sailed for Santiago at 3 P.M. We had great difficulty in deciding which way to go to Santiago, as the Ad-

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miral advised us to go on the east side, and the General recommended the west. We decided to take the General's advice, and had a very smooth evening and night.

Monday, Dec. 23

An uneventful but charming twenty-four hours. We were told that we would be bucking the "trades," and that it was a very unpleasant thing to do. However, we decided in the future always to "buck the trades," and may we never fail to have as fine weather as we have had to-day.

The engineer reported that we were a little short of coal. So we decided to stop at Cienfuegos, coal up and spend Christmas Day quiet.

CHRISTMAS AT CIENFUEGOS.

Tuesday, Dec. 24

Distance from Havana 480 miles

Another beautiful day. We reached Cienfuegos about 2 P.M. It has a fine harbor, but the town is not very attractive. We were unlucky enough to find it in the throes of a strike, and Government aid had to be invoked before laborers could be procured to coal the "Wanderer."

All hands, except the Commodore, spent the afternoon in quest of whimsical Christmas presents, which were produced after dinner. My share was a seagoing yacht, a surface-railroad plant complete, and a beautiful colored lady. The Captain received a full military outfit, and the Doctor many things appropriate to his profession. After dinner the Doctor decided to go ashore and see what the town was like at night. He returned shortly, accompanied by a

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lot of young naval officers from the "Yankton," who gave us a great deal of interesting information.

A tropical day; scarcely a breath of wind. All hands spent the morning under the awning, almost exhausted with heat. Christmas Day, Dec. 25

In the afternoon the trade-wind came up, so we went down in the sailing cutter and called on the "Yankton." We found Lieutenant-Commodore Seymour and Dr. Stewart in charge, all hands having gone to a base-ball game. We persuaded Dr. Stewart to come back to dinner, and a most excellent Christmas dinner we had. To the Captain's great joy, he found that the Doctor was a relation of Micah Jenkins, and we had tales of the rough-riders until early in the morning.

A wonderfully brilliant moonlight night.

We sailed from Cienfuegos for Santiago at daybreak, and a more beautiful sight than the passage through this most picturesque harbor affords, dotted with its charming green islands, it would be hard to imagine. We found a steady, north-east trade-wind blowing, and had a splendid run during the day. Turned in early, as we expected to sight the wrecks of the Spanish fleet at daybreak. Thursday, Dec. 26

SANTIAGO—A JOLLY COMPANION.

When we got on deck we found we were about forty-five miles west of Santiago, and shortly afterwards sighted the wreck of the "Colon." About 10 o'clock we reached the "Viscaya." We took the Friday, Dec. 27

Distance from Cienfuegos 328 miles

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cutter and boarded her, finding her to be a mangled mass of scrap iron, riddled with shot, and slowly being stripped by the beach-combers of the little metal that was left in her. About 12 o'clock we passed the "Oquendo," and at about 2 P.M. reached the wonderfully interesting harbor of Santiago. It seems as if Cuba were blessed above all the world in its abundance of exceedingly beautiful harbors, each one more beautiful than the last.

We landed about 3 P.M., and found Duncan Elliot and Captain Ayres, who both promised to dine with us. The Commodore went to the Club, and there met a most agreeable American engineer by the

Poor Old Ship.

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A Victim of Uncle Sam.

name of Jennings Cox, who is in charge of the iron works at Guantanamo. Cox and an English banker, Bundy Cole, made up the dinner-party, and we had a very amusing time. After dinner Cox sat down at the piano and sang original songs with great enthusiasm until midnight. The following is a sample of his muse:

Mais Où Sont les Neiges d'Antan?

Bring me no ballads of yesterday's roses,
Echoes they be of the long ago,
And Villon's ghost from the grave proposes
The old, old riddle of last year's snow.

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THIRTY THOUSAND MILES

Life is good where the free winds blow
Here on the links where the gulls wheel far;
Peace to the past where the poppies grow,
Sing me a song of the things that are.

Harbor of Santiago from Morro Castle.

Ring me no rhymes of the Pompadour's poses,
Painted beauty and powdered beau,
Playing on ice that each of them knows is
As frail as the fan of their own Watteau.
Here are the lips and the eyes I know,
Yonder the light of our evening star;
Kiss me, sweetheart, and as we go,
Sing me a song of the things that are.

Chant me no dirge for the day that closes,
Bugles will blare with the morning's glow,
Bayard is dead and so is Moses,
The world has work for us still, I trow.
The man with the sword and the man with the hoe,
To each his portion to make or mar,
The charge to ride, or the seed to sow,
Sing me a song of the things that are.

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L'Envoi.

Roland and Ruy and Romeo,
Their dust is dust in the earth below.
Bring me a beer and a fat cigar,—
Sing me a song of the things that are.

Cox and a friend had written some stories, and they decided it would be necessary to bind them in alligator skin; so, borrowing a tug from the Iron Company, they went up the Rio Negro to chase the wily alligator. After ten days' absence they returned with about twenty alligator's eggs, and sat down to wait for them to hatch. By the time the books are finished they expect that the alligators will be of sufficient size to supply skin to bind them.

ON SAN JUAN HILL.

Saturday, Dec. 28

We landed about 8 A.M., and thanks to General Whiteside—the General commanding at Santiago—we found an army ambulance and four mules to take us to the site of the battle of San Juan. The Captain appeared in a marvelous khaki undress uniform, evidently new and specially prepared for the occasion. After a pleasant ride of about three miles we reached the field, but it was very difficult to locate Kettle Hill, etc., as the vegetation had completely obliterated all land marks. The driver of the ambulance was much impressed with the Captain's knowledge of the locality, and asked him if he were in the 71st New York. The Captain was grieved.

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Lunched with Cox at the Club, and then General Whiteside drove us over General Wood's superb road out to the mountains. Had a fine drive, and the scenery was marvelous. Reached the Club about 7 P.M., and brought Elliot and Cox to dinner.

Another charming evening. We landed our guests about 11 P.M., and under a three-quarter moon started for Jamaica. It was interesting, with such spice of peril, working our way out of the harbor at dark, as Spriddell insisted upon doing without a pilot.

Bloody Bend, near San Juan.

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JAMAICA—NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Sunday, Dec. 29

After a rather rough and decidedly hot night we awoke to find ourselves off the coast of Jamaica. We reached Port Royal about 2 P.M., and as it was Sunday we were compelled to wait until the next day before we were allowed to proceed to Kingston. We passed the afternoon in pursuits appropriate to the day, and as a reward, the Commodore caught a large shark after dinner.

Monday, Dec. 30

About 10 A.M. we were allowed to pass up to Kingston, and all hands went ashore. Lunched at the Myrtle Bank Hotel, afterwards calling on the Governor, Sir Augustus Hemming, and presenting our letters. We were much impressed with the unattractiveness of Kingston, and convinced that the Jamaica nigger is the poorest of his tribe that we have ever seen, being, in addition to his natural handicaps, very impertinent and generally a nuisance.

Distance from Santiago 172 miles

We had rather a sad dinner, as the Captain is to leave us to-morrow morning.

Tuesday, Dec. 31

The Captain left us about 9 A.M. on the "Admiral Farragut," bound to Boston, *en route* for New York. Trunks, bags, and boxes innumerable were loaded into the gig, and with tears in our eyes we bade "Woody" farewell. At 10 o'clock the rest of us landed, and took the train for Spanishtown, about fifteen miles distant. This used to be the capital of the island, and is an exceedingly pretty and picturesque place, much like an English village in the tropics, as it were,

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with high brick walls, now, alas! rapidly falling to pieces. We had a delicious Jamaican lunch at the Hotel Rio Cobra. Some of the Jamaica food we found very agreeable, but did not think much of the bread-fruit.

After luncheon we drove along the banks of the Rio Cobra to Bogwalk, a distance of eight miles. This is said to be one of the most beautiful drives in the world, to which we quite agree. The temperature was deliciously warm and soft, and the whole road lay through deep ravines, sheltered from the sun and the winds.

Former Government Buildings at Spanishtown, Jamaica.

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The Commodore and "Stuyvy" chartered a large tug, and went down to Port Royal to call on Commodore Riddle, an old Bermuda friend. New Year's Day, 1902

After luncheon we went to the races with the Governor, but did not succeed in picking any winners.

Hotel at Spanishtown, Jamaica.

The Commodore dined with the Governor at King's House, and being New Year's evening, it was a grand affair. All the quality of the island were present, and we had a delightful time. We found the Hemmings most courteous and charming.

The Governor, Lady Hemming, and private secretary, Mr. Earl, lunched with us at 1 P.M., and we hope Thursday, Jan. 2

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they enjoyed themselves as much as we did. After lunch we found not a little sport in watching a school of mullet enter into pursuit of small fish, the jumps of the latter being simply tremendous. Unfortunately all our fishing gear was in the hold, and we did not have time to take it out, as we were to sail at 3 P.M. for Ponce, Porto Rico.

Friday, Jan. 3

This day marks our first experience of "bucking the trades," and we found it quite unpleasant, even the photographer being seasick for the first time in forty years of seafaring life. All hands sat about, feeling more or less miserable all day.

Saturday, Jan. 4

Cooler and less motion, but none of us felt like taking a great deal of exercise. At 8.30 A.M. we sailed through Mona Passage, between Hayti and Porto Rico.

IN SAN JUAN.

Sunday, Jan. 5

Distance from Kingston 650 miles

I was called about sunrise, as we were just entering the harbor of San Juan, a very beautiful harbor. The fort is on the left hand, amid trees, making a very picturesque sight. The day was perfect, but hot, and we all went ashore after luncheon, taking photographs. San Juan is an exceedingly picturesque town, very Spanish, with lots of color. Its most striking feature is the fabulous number of children and dogs. All the dogs have curly, bushy tails, a peculiarity that "Stuyvy" says is due to their lying so much in the hot sun.

Another morning spent in rambling about the curi-

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ous old town. We finally found a wonderful barber, and all spent hours in being shaved, shampooed, and variously beautified, passed the afternoon ashore. Monday, Jan. 6

Street in San Juan, Porto Rico.

The Doctor and the Commodore went out in the country, while the photographer and "Stuyvy" wandered about the town together.

We left Porto Rico about daylight, and had a charming sail along the coast, reaching Culabra about 10.30 A.M., where we found our friends of the North Atlantic Squadron hard at work drilling, landing Tuesday, Jan. 7

Distance from Ponce 70 miles

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troops, etc. They were anxious for us to stop, but the Commodore is bitten with the fear that he may not reach Gibraltar in time to meet his family, so we passed them by with a wave of the hand.

Culabra is exceedingly beautiful, and is, besides, famous as the scene of Stevenson's "Treasure Island."

Governor's Palace, San Juan, Porto Rico.

We reached the harbor of St. Thomas just after luncheon, and to the great indignation of the Danish harbor master (who met us outside the harbor), we proceeded up at full speed. The photograph was taken just as a sea was about to strike him. It is a

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beautiful little harbor. We found the U. S. S. "Essex" anchored there. We landed, and the Doctor and the Commodore went to the Russian Consul's to bathe. Afterward we all wandered through the town,

Street in St. Thomas.

and invested in Panama hats, bay rum, and green squizzles. We tried to find Hubbard on the "Essex," but he was on duty and could not leave, so shortly after 5 P.M. we sailed for St. Kitts.

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A DAY AT ST. KITTS.

Wednesday, Jan. 8

Distance from St. Thomas 148 miles

We reached St. Kitts early in the morning and found the British North Atlantic Squadron anchored in the beautiful bay. Saw some old friends on the "Crescent," the flag ship.

After breakfast went ashore, and visited the beautiful botanical gardens in the quaint old town. We put up at the Club, and found that the "Kittenfonians" (as they love to call themselves) were as thorough in their hospitality as we had been led to expect. Spent the afternoon on the "Crescent," talking over Bermuda days.

Thursday, Jan. 9

Left St. Kitts at daybreak, passing close to Nevis. Decided not to land, as we were told that, aside from

Harbor Master, St. Thomas.

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a few objects of historical interest, there was little to see. Nelson was married at Nevis.

We reached Antigua about 11 A.M., passing up its lovely harbor, the water being wonderfully clear. This is one of the prettiest harbors we have seen

Street Scene, St. Kitts.

in the Islands, with heavily wooded shores and beautiful beach. Landed about 3 P.M., armed with letters of introduction, and called at once upon the Governor, Sir Henry Jackson, who gave us much information as to the great attractions we would find at Martinique. A charming host, very kind to us, and anxious

Distance from St. Kitts 55 miles

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that we should stay longer; but we decided that Martinique had the call.

We found an old friend of dear Frank Hearst, who is Governor of the Island of Barbuda,—once a hunting preserve for the Coddington family of Barbadoes, and now reported to be full of deer. The population

Sunrise, Nevis.

consists of about twenty beach-combers; so Mr. Nugent, the Governor, has to come to Antigua for society and relaxation.

Returned to the boat about 5 P.M., and as the night was most propitious, with a full moon, we decided to sail at once for Dominica.

DOMINICA.

Friday, Jan. 10 We reached the quaint little roadstead of Roseau about daylight, and were at once greeted by a large crowd of shore boats, all being very anxious to rent

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ponies for the far-famed excursion to the Sulphur Springs. The Doctor found an old friend in "Buggy Joe," who had escorted the Nahma party some four years before. So about 9 A.M. the Doctor, the Commodore, and "Stuyvy" started on three sorry-looking ponies to ascend to the Sulphur Springs. It was the Commodore's first experience on horseback in more than fifteen years, and he started with a great deal of trepidation. After ten minutes or so, his only fear was that the pony would not live to reach the summit. It was a most wonderful route, passing through huge groves of limes and oranges; the roads lined with women squeezing the limes for their oil, and all anxious to chat and pass the time of day. The horses' feet crushed limes and oranges at almost every step, and the air was as balmy and spicy as it is possible to imagine. After about a four-mile ride we reached the Sulphur Springs, which scarcely seemed worth the ascent. We returned to the boat about 1 P.M., very tired and very hungry, and after a most delightful swim, set sail for Martinique.

Distance from St. Johns 122 miles

Reached St. Pierre, Martinique, about 5 P.M., and were at once surrounded by dozens of little darky boys, all naked, and eager to dive for pennies, as the pictures will show.

Distance from Roseau 35 miles

We all agree that the view of St. Pierre from the yacht is one of the most beautiful sights imaginable, and that the water babies are worth the trip alone.

All ashore at 9.30 A.M., and had a charming walk through this quaint city. The women are gener-

Saturday, Jan. 11

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ally attractive looking, as there has been a great deal of miscegenation, and they vary in color from the lightest *café au lait* to the full-blooded negress type. With their soft coloring and graceful figures, many of them make a very pleasing picture. The influence of French blood makes them coquettish and anxious for admiration.

We find that there will be three or four balls here to-night, so we decide to attend. Meantime we amuse

Diving Boys, Martinique.

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ourselves pitching coppers into the sea for the diving boys to recover. At 10 P.M. we start for the ball, but return to the ship in less than half an hour. A colored ball has peculiarities of its own! *Verbum sap.*

Water Babies, Martinique.

MARTINIQUE.

Sunday, Jan. 12

All hands ashore at 9 A.M., and we engaged a team of four mules to drive us across the Island to Fort De France, a distance of about twenty-five miles. The country, with its tropical foliage and flowers, was wonderfully beautiful, and the many superb views were worth going a long distance to see. Unfortu-

Distance from St. Pierre 15 miles

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nately, as we reached the summit, a heavy rain squall came up suddenly, obscuring the grand panorama.

We reached the yacht about 3.30 P.M., and at once sailed for Barbadoes. We had expected to go to St. Lucia, but heard that it was still in quarantine.

Monday, Jan. 13

Distance from Fort Royal 150 miles

A most brilliant sight greeted us when we reached the bight off Bridgetown. The harbor was densely crowded with vessels, men-of-war and fishing boats, and it seemed quite like returning to New York.

Diving Boys at Martinique.

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River at Martinique.

River at Martinique.

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Rivière Blanche, St. Pierre, Martinique.

We landed about 10 A.M., and at once looked up the "Icehouse" and the Club, where we found two hospitable friends, Yearwood and Bowring, and lunched with them. Had an excellent repast, consisting of "frey," "pepperpot," and other novelties. In the afternoon we were delighted with a call from Traut and Commander Rees, of the U. S. S. "Monongahela," who gave us the news of the Island. We persuaded Traut, Yearwood, Bowring, and Captain Rees to dine, and we thrashed out the Spanish War most thoroughly.

We have been sleeping on deck for the last month, and last night came very near having a serious accident. Tuesday, Jan. 14

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LeRoy was asleep on the quarter-deck, when he was suddenly awakened by a slight noise and saw a head rise over the bulwarks. His instinct at once was to arm himself with a pillow and wrap his sheet around his left arm in proper melodramatic style. He

Flying Fisherman, Barbadoes.

demanded of the intruder what he wanted, and upon the man saying "Whitehead, sir," LeRoy, with the true watch-dog spirit, jumped for him. The man was fortunate enough, however, to call the watch, else LeRoy would perhaps have killed him. It turned out to be the engineer who had been calling on a friend in the neighborhood.

Coaling all day, so all ashore. Found that an old friend, Foord Hilton, was in command. Called on

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him in the afternoon, and had a very pleasant time playing badminton.

Wednesday, Jan. 15

We lunched on the "Monongahela" with the Ward Room Mess, and, as usual, they were very hospitable. A most enjoyable time. After luncheon we called on Commander Rees, who regaled us with original poetry. Later we landed, and drove to the Marine Hotel. Saw a polo match, and in the evening Boit and the Commodore dined with General Hilton.

Sailed at 11.30 P.M. for Trinidad.

Thursday, Jan. 16

We had a quiet morning, smooth sea, and passed Tobago about 11 A.M. Spent all the afternoon skirting the beautiful coast of the Island of Trinidad. Went through the wonderful Serpent's Mouth about 5 P.M., and were greatly impressed with the beauty of the island.

Distance from Bridgetown 205 miles

We anchored off Spanishtown about 5 P.M., and were greatly pleased to see the old "Keneu" pass by, recalling many happy hours spent racing her in Bermuda. It was most interesting, as we approached Trinidad, to mark the influence of the Orinoco, which stains the clear sea water for a distance of about fifty miles from its mouth..

AN ORCHID HUNTER'S EXPERIENCE.

Friday, Jan. 17

We presented letters of introduction in the morning, and were put up at the club, where we were introduced to a large number of the members. Among them was an exceedingly interesting man—Mr. André, who is an orchid hunter, and who had just returned from a

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year's trip up the Orinoco into absolutely unexplored wilds of Venezuela. After he had achieved his object and was returning, his boats were capsized in a whirlpool, and he lost the results of eight months' work. This, however, was not the most serious feature of

Street in Spanishtown, Trinidad.

the mishap, as the greater part of the store of food was lost at the same time, and before he could reach civilization six of his party died of slow starvation. Our meeting with Mr. André was peculiarly fortunate, as we had been planning a trip up the Orinoco; but he dissuaded us from making the attempt.

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In the afternoon we all went out to the Savannah Club, and were put up there with great hospitality. Anything more richly picturesque than the Savannah,

Scavengers, Spanishtown, Trinidad.

with its numerous trees and beautiful turf, it is difficult to imagine. Quite like an English park.

A warm, beautiful day, but we decided that the town was too hot, so adjourned to the Savannah Club for luncheon and spent the afternoon watching a

Saturday, Jan. 18

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ball game between the sailors of the "Indiana" and a native team; the native team won.

We found Captain Emery, who dined with us; and we had a most interesting evening with Emery, MacAllen, and André.

Sunday, Jan. 19 Went ashore in the morning, and photographed some of the picturesque coolie girls. The coolies

A Street in Spanishtown, Trinidad.

seem very happy in their new country, and have thriven like the green bay-tree.

We lunched with Captain Emery on the "Indiana," and at 3 P.M. decided to return to Barbadoes. We had intended going to Georgetown to-morrow, but rumors of yellow fever have deterred us from making the trip. One of the great disadvantages of West

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The Savannah.

The Savannah.

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Public Buildings, Spanishtown, Trinidad.

Indian cruising is the constant fear of being quarantined, for if one is going to Spanish ports afterward, the Spanish health officers make themselves exceedingly unpleasant.

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Monday, Jan. 20

Distance from Trinidad 205 miles

Reached Barbadoes about 7.30 A.M., and found the entire British fleet at anchor. Admiral Bedford and his aide called at once, and asked us all to lunch with him on Wednesday. We found the schooner

Coolie Girls.

"Hildegard," N. Y. Y. C., there, and the owner, Mr. Coleman, also called. We went out in the afternoon to call at the Government House, and were asked to dine there on Wednesday night. Bowring dined with us, and we had a quiet evening.

Tuesday, Jan. 21

Page Cotton had given us a letter of introduction to Sam Brown, the owner of the "four-square estate,"

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so we drove out there and lunched. Mr. Brown kindly showed us over all the plantation. One is not surprised, after having seen the modern Cuban plantations, that the sugar planters in the West Indies should be unable to compete wtih their more progressive neighbors. I believe that the latest machinery on the island of Barbadoes was installed in the year 1881. At the time of our visit it cost Mr. Brown about $1.25 a bag to produce sugar, and he was selling it at about 96 cents a bag; so it is simply a question of time before he and others will be compelled to close their plantations.

We had a most enjoyable dinner with Bowring at the Club, and met a number of interesting men.

A NINE DAYS' CRUISE.

Wednesday, Jan. 22

Lunched with Admiral Bedford on the "Crescent," and watched the races between the ships' boats. It was very amusing and interesting. In the afternoon we saw a cricket match between the Barbadoes and Lord Hawke's team. Dined at Government House in the evening, and had a delightful time playing bridge with the Admiral and several Governors. Won every rubber, so returned on board in high spirits.

We sail to-morrow morning for the Cape de Verde Islands, about nine days at sea. It has been a much mooted question among us as to the best route from the West Indies to the Mediterranean; and we have been advised against taking the Barbadoes Cape de

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Verde route, being told that it will be nothing but a drive into a head sea all the way. However, it seems hardly feasible for us to return to St. Thomas and then across; so we have decided to risk the trades.

Ocelot, Trinidad.

Thursday, Jan. 23 — We left at quarter past 12 this A.M., and by night we felt that our first day had lasted forty-eight hours. We are "bucking the trades" in earnest. The wind is just off our port bow, and the sea keeps us pitching and rolling all the time, and no one feels particularly well.

Friday, Jan. 24 — Another rough night. We had to slow down quite a little to travel more comfortably. A day without incident; at noon 340 miles from Barbadoes.

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Lord Hawke versus West Indies, Barbadoes.

Saturday, Jan. 25

The sea is constantly abating and all hands feel much better; 206 miles in twenty-four hours.

Sunday, Jan. 26

Weather very much finer. All hands feeling well, and all engaged busily at dominoes; 240 miles at noon.

Monday, Jan. 27

The wind has practically disappeared, and the sea is almost calm. Dominoes is still the attraction; 225 miles in the past twenty-four hours.

Tuesday, Jan. 28

A beautiful day; almost a flat calm. Just before luncheon a vessel was sighted—our first one—and we passed within a hundred feet of her. She proved to be the iron bark "Samanco," and, as the photograph will show, her voyage is likely to be a long one. We sailed 232 miles to-day.

One of the most beautiful evenings I have ever seen, but rather dangerous to be on deck, as the flying

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fish kept up a constant fusillade and we have had them for breakfast every morning. One of the firemen claims that he received a black eye from being hit by one of the fish.

Wednesday, Jan. 29

Another beautiful day; very little wind and that astern of us. We sailed 261 miles to-day, making 1,477 miles since leaving Barbadoes. If this keeps up, we shall reach Cape Verde Islands Friday afternoon.

Thursday, Jan. 30

Another perfect day. This south-west wind, where we expected a north-east wind, is a very pleasant surprise; 265 miles to-day.

HO FOR THE CANARIES!

Friday, Jan. 31

Distance from Barbadoes 2030 miles

About 9 A.M. land was sighted, and we had a most fascinating land-fall—marvelous profiles of mountains with their grand scenery, but absolutely barren and blistered.

We reached St. Vincent, anchored just before luncheon, and at once arranged to coal, as we expect to sail this afternoon for the Canary Islands. Went ashore after luncheon, and spent the afternoon wandering through the quaint streets, pricing monkeys, parrots, etc.

The Cape de Verdes are so close to the coast of South Africa that their inhabitants are practically all negroes, and of a very different type from what we have been accustomed to in the West Indies. Monkeys and parrots reign supreme. As soon as the

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Mid-ocean.

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Landing, Cape de Verdes.

coaling was finished, we sailed for the Canaries. A beautiful evening, with a memorable sunset.

A beautiful day, with a north-west wind. No incidents of any kind; nothing but dominoes. Saturday, Feb. 1

Another beautiful day, like a June day off Newport, with a strong, stern wind, and a long, easy Atlantic swell. Sunday, Feb. 2

Another beautiful day, with a varying wind. Unfortunately, there were a good many clouds, so we Monday, Feb. 3

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were prevented from sighting the Peak of Teneriffe, which we expected to see about seventy miles from the island. About 9 P.M. we picked up the light-house on Grand Canary, and reached the harbor about midnight.

This was the most eventful evening in the way of

Street in St. Vincent, Cape de Verdes.

flying fish we have yet experienced, forty-one being picked up, of very large size, running from three-quarters of a pound to one pound.

Tuesday, Feb. 4

Distance from Cape de Verde Islands 860 miles

Las Palmas, a most extraordinary harbor, full of vessels, Spanish warships, Russian warships, etc. We landed about 10 A.M., and drove up to Las Palmas, a beautiful city, about three miles distant, on the edge

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of the water, with curious old cathedral buildings, etc. We wandered through the quaint streets all the morning, and lunched at the Hotel Catalena. In the afternoon we rambled again through the town, and made various purchases.

The Russian training-ship, "Duke of Edinburgh,"

Market, St. Vincent, Cape de Verdes.

was lying alongside of us, and it was most interesting to watch the thorough way in which the apprentices were drilled. An enormous amount of work was being done in teaching the men to bring a launch

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alongside, etc. The sails were set four times in two hours. All this so impressed the Commodore that after dinner he called on the Captain, whom he found to be a most affable and entertaining man. Their conversation was enthusiastic, but labored, as they had to meet on the common ground of French—and the French, I am afraid, was the French of "Stratford atte Bowe." At 9 P.M. all the officers and crew chanted the Lord's Prayer, standing, which was very impressive.

Woman and Child, St. Vincent.

Wednesday Feb. 5

In the morning Captain Cyvinsky, of the "Duke of Edinburgh," called in full regalia, and spent an hour conversing in execrable French.

After luncheon we started for Madeira, but when we were about thirty miles from Las Palmas we encountered such a heavy sea that we decided it would be wiser to sail for the island of Teneriffe, some fifty miles to the windward. This we reached about dinner-time, getting quite a dousing *en route*.

Thursday, Feb. 6

Distance from Las Palmas 52 miles

All hands ashore at 8.30 A.M. We landed at the town of Santa Cruz, a most picturesque little place. After wandering around through the beautiful gardens, we finally stopped at the hotel, where we found the redoubtable Sol. Berliner, of New York, the U. S.

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Santa Cruz, Canaries.

Willy and Weilly, or the Canaries.

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Consul. He was very glad to see a party of Americans, and endeavored to persuade us to remain some time. The weather, however, looked so much finer that we left for Madeira about noon.

SIGHT-SEEING AT MADEIRA.

Friday, Feb. 7

Distance from Santa Cruz 250 miles

Reached Madeira about 8 A.M., after a rather rough and uncomfortable night, and found the roadstead fairly deserted. While we were getting our

"Duke of Edinburgh," Las Palmas.

papers, we noticed vessels coming in from all sides, and the Health Officer informed us that the weather had been so bad that they had all been compelled to

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cut and run, and were only just returning. Among them was the steam-yacht "Rhouma," Sir George Bullough, owner,—an old friend of Bermuda days.

We landed about 10 A.M., and were very busy sending cablegrams, having photographs developed, etc. Lunched at the new Reed Hotel, which has a splendid situation overlooking the roadstead, where we had the pleasure of watching the "Wanderer" roll beneath us. After luncheon we met Mr. Jones, the American Consul, who at once presented us to the guests of the hotel, all but one of them being young and attractive ladies.

Later in the day we took the Funicular Railroad up the mountain, and then, like Humpty Dumpty, fell down again in the usual Madeira manner, i.e., sleds guided by native ruffians, who think it pleasant to jump on the runners and so make the infernal thing go much faster. Going through the narrow, cobblestone streets, with sharp turnings and curves, it is a very exciting performance. Some people, we are told, go to Madeira and do this every day for pleasure. It was strange to see the streets covered with boats, as there is no harbor to speak of. In bad weather they haul the boats up to the town.

We went to the Casino, a gem of a place, right over the water, where they have a most economical roulette game, the usual bet being about sixteen cents. Notwithstanding the smallness of the game, the Consul told me that last year they paid all expenses and divided $25,000 in profits. We then went to the hotel

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"The Wanderer" at Funchal.

for dinner, and wandered in the romantic gardens afterward. Several of the party lost their hearts, and we all decided that it was by far the most attractive place we had yet seen.

Saturday, Feb. 8

Boit announced this morning that he had decided to remain in Madeira, the lack of men at the hotel proving an invincible argument; so to our great sorrow we are to bid him farewell to-night after dinner.

The American Consul lunched with us, and in the afternoon personally conducted a party of some eighteen young ladies to the "Wanderer," where we endeavored to receive them in the best possible manner.

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A rather gloomy dinner followed, as we were all very sad at parting from "Johnny Sandow."

At 10 P.M. we escorted him ashore. Then up to the Casino, where the Commodore proved the old adage, and won a large amount of gold, but lost his heart to a beautiful South American. At 12 o'clock we sailed for Cadiz.

Sunday, Feb. 9 — A beautiful, calm day; true "Wanderer's" weather.

Monday, Feb. 10 — Another beautiful day.

Tuesday, Feb. 11 — Reached Cadiz at 9 A.M., and found the Carnival in full blast. After driving through the town in the

"The Wanderer" at Funchal.

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morning, we spent the afternoon fighting with *confetti* in the Calle Duque Tetuan. Later in the day we left for Seville by train, sending the "Wanderer" Distance from Madeira 590 miles

After a Gale. Street in Funchal.

around to Gibraltar to await our arrival. We reached Seville by midnight, thoroughly tired and disgusted by the slow Spanish trains. Found excellent accommodations at the Grand Hôtel de Paris.

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Carnival at Cadiz.

Wednesday, Feb. 12

Spent the day sight-seeing, and much enjoyed the wonderful Alcazar and the quaint house of Pontius Pilate.

In the evening LeRoy and the Doctor left the Commodore, as they were bound to the Riviera.

TANGIER AND TETUAN.

Thursday, Feb. 13

The Commodore drove to the ruins of Italica, and on the 15th returned to Gibraltar, where he found them hard at work on the yacht, painting, etc.

Decided to go to Morocco, and take the trip from Tangier to Tetuan. Had a most unpleasant crossing,

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and reached the curious old land-port about dusk; passed through the gate, crowded with mules and Moors, up the steep hill to the hotel. The situation of the hotel is very beautiful, overlooking the bay; and from the rear the view of the roofs of Tangier is seen, as in the photograph. Found a number of quite pleasant people here. Went out in the evening to hear a Moorish concert. Tangier is far more interesting than Algiers or Oran. The people seem of a much finer type, and there is a higher grade of civilization.

After spending several days in Tangier, seeing the place and getting accustomed to mule-back riding, we started one beautiful morning at daylight for Tetuan. The roads are practically *"non sunt,"* and the sure-

Tangier.

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footed mules are the only means by which one can cover the ground. The road winds along by the beach for the first few hours, and then gradually ascends.

We reached Kasbek about dark, and camped there for the night. Shortly after supper it began to rain,

Harbor of Tangier, from Hotel.

and a very heavy gale from the north set in, the night being exceedingly windy and unpleasant. In the morning it still continued raining very hard, and we were quite undecided whether it were better to remain here, or attempt to reach Tetuan. About noon it cleared up, and we decided to push on; but a more

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Roofs, Tangier.

Salad Making, en Route to Tetuan.

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uncomfortable afternoon it has never been my misfortune to experience. It rained in torrents, and the mules slipped and slid, up hill and down dale.

We reached the entrance to Tetuan about 6 P.M., but were so far in advance of our *entourage* that we

Kasbek.

went into the city and found a coffee-house where we could rest and dry ourselves. About 8 P.M. our tents were ready, and we camped outside of the city. But we were in for another abominable night, and decided in the morning that anything was preferable to such discomfort—even the questionable lodging-houses in the Jewish quarter.

Tetuan is a wonderfully interesting place, with narrow streets, covered alleys, etc. We were fortu-

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En Route to Tetuan.

nate in having a competent dragoman, and he was able to show us the interior of a number of the better class of Moorish houses, which are noted for their beauty.

THE SPANISH GIBRALTAR.

After a stay of four or five days we started on mule-back for Ceuta; and in about an hour's ride, through a beautiful farming country, we reached the sea, and could see Ceuta apparently not far away. But distances are deceptive, and it was not until 6 P.M. that we passed into the gates of this Spanish Gibraltar, and saw the "Wanderer" lying in the roadstead.

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Packing a Mule, near Tetuan.

En Route to Tetuan.

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The Market, Tetuan.

Distance from Gibraltar 9 miles

Ceuta is one of Spain's most important military stations. Troops are coming and going constantly, making the scene a very animated one. After walking through the town examining the fortification—which is one of the finest specimens in existence of the seventeenth century order—we were very glad to join the yacht, and started at once for Gibraltar, arriving there in time for dinner.

The next ten days were spent in waiting for the rest of the party who were to join the "Wanderer" from America. At last the welcome news was brought that the "Kaiserin Maria Theresa" would land her passengers about 10 P.M.; and, sure enough, the

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Commodore was able to be united with his family by midnight. To-morrow we start on our cruise through the Mediterranean.

The party consists of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and family, Mr. and Mrs. M. Storey, Miss Edith Gray, S. P. Blagden, Jr.

Monday, March 3

A beautiful spring day, clear and cold. We all went ashore to make purchases and to see the famous galleries of the Rock of Gibraltar.

In the evening we all went to see the "Gondoliers," given by a traveling English company. A very good show, the theatre being gay and picturesque, and the galleries packed with soldiers in red uniforms, while the officers, resplendent in gold lace, sat in the lower boxes.

Tuesday, March 4

A cold, windy day; all hands unpacking.

Wednesday, March 5

Another cold, rainy day. In the afternoon went by boat to Algeciras, and wandered through the quaint town. Spent the best part of the afternoon in the beautiful new hotel that has just been completed by the railroad company.

A TANGIER MARKET-SCENE

Thursday, March 6

Distance from Gibraltar 31 miles

Left Gibraltar about 6 A.M., and reached Tangier about 9.30 A.M. After being visited by the Health Officer we landed and engaged mules, and started for the market-place. A wild, picturesque sight. Crowds of natives in their white and brown bernouses covered the hillsides, and the purchasers, passing to and fro with donkeys, gave plenty of life and movement. One

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met now and then a tribesman from the hills, his head wound round with a circle of string, showing him to be a Riffian; then perhaps a rich Jew in a black cloak and black fez. It seemed like Bedlam let loose, the

The Market, Tangier.

chattering and chaffing of the buyers and sellers mingling with the shrill cries of the donkey-boys and the tinkling of the water-carrier's bell. We went up through the middle of the crowd to a sort of plaza,

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where some dancing-men, several Soudanese minstrels, and a snake-charmer amused us. Then down through the market again, and along the narrow little winding streets, shut in by the stuccoed house-walls to the prison. The prisoners are kept in one large room, open to the sky in the middle. There is but one door, which is only opened to admit or let out a prisoner. In this door there is a hole through which the food is passed.

Afterward we saw the Sultan's Palace, and then took a long ride on mule-back to the Riffian village on the other side of the town. Spent the afternoon wandering through the town, and visiting the Jewish cemetery. The Jews seem to be most indefatigable mourners, and spend hours caterwauling at the graves of their friends. We sailed about 5 P.M. for Palma, in the Balearic Islands.

Sok, or Market-place, Tangier.

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Snake-charmer, Tangier.

Snake-charmer, Tangier.

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Snake-charmer, Tangier.

Snake-charmer, Tangier.

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Snake-charmer, Tangier.

Market-place, Tangier.

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Snake-charmer, Tangier.

Snake-charmer, Tangier.

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Roofs at Tangier, from the Hotel.

Magnificent weather and a smooth sea. Made a very good run, and expect to reach Palma early in the morning. Friday, March 7

IN THE BALEARIC ISLANDS.

Rather an uncomfortable night, but as we got under the lee of the land the sea grew calmer. The weather was perfect, the sun bright and warm, and by half-past one we were berthed inside of the mole. We found the British Channel Squadron at anchor in the roadstead, and the small boats were passing by us with almost the regularity of trolley-cars. Saturday, March 8

Distance from Tangier 470 miles

All went ashore, and with a guide proceeded to do

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the town. The cathedral, which was founded by Don Jaime I in 1232, is very impressive, and the treasury is said to be one of the richest in the world. The embroideries and the old enameled work are really superb. In the center of the edifice is a sarcophagus containing the body of Don Jaime II. For a trifling fee the verger opens the coffin, and one can see the mummy of this once great king. Queen Isabel of Spain was here in 1852, and finding that the dead sovereign's robes were becoming a trifle worn, ordered that he should be re-attired; but being of a frugal disposition, she gave him only imitation ermine.

Former Monastery, Palma.

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After leaving the cathedral, we went to several interesting private houses, through which we were courteously shown, as the owners were in the country. The

Court-yard of House at Palma.

court-yards were very attractive with their big red marble pillars.

Palma is celebrated for its large number of rich nobility, and in consequence there are many interesting private mansions. Took a beautiful drive up a hill to the Castle of Beliver, but were not allowed to enter. This place is rich in historic associations, and is still occasionally used as a state and military prison.

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Town Hall, Palma.

Sunday, March 9

We started at 9.30 A.M. in carriages for Valdemosa; a clear, beautiful, warm day. We had a most

Palma.

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charming drive through almond and olive groves up into the hills, where there was once an old monastery, which has been turned into a summer dwelling for rich citizens from Palma. Here George Sand lived in 1838 and wrote her "Spiridion."

We then drove over the crest and down along the edge of the water to Miramar. This is the estate of one of the Austrian Arch-Dukes, and has one of the most wonderful situations in the world. We lunched on a point of rock commanding the coast, and one could throw a stone to the sea, five hundred feet beneath us. The day was perfect, and the view and coloring superb; on one side the rugged cliffs of the

Valdemosa.

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mountains, softened by the green of the olive groves, and on the other side by the soft blue of the Mediterranean Sea. We went through the residence, and found it very simple, the Arch-Duke having nothing but native furniture, even the pottery being an island

Valldemosa.

product. The drive back was beautiful, but we had to spend some time in finding a windmill, as one member of the party insisted upon seeing the wheels "go round."

Went on board at tea-time and it was a very interesting sight to watch the innumerable boats coming and going. At 10.30 P.M. we sailed for Minorca.

Monday, March 10

To Andrea Doria, the famous Genoese admiral of the sixteenth century, is credited the saying that there

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View from Miramar, Majorca.

are but four safe ports in the Mediterranean: June, July, August—and Port Mahon. This remains true to-day, though we were disappointed in the harbor.

Distance from Palma 105 miles

All hands landed about 10 A.M., and visited the cathedral. There is a celebrated organ here, and we induced one of the fathers to play for us, but the entertainment was mediocre. Then we drove to see a Talayot, or megalithic prehistoric monument, something like the Druidic monuments of England. Many of these monuments are found on the island.

Returned to the boat for luncheon, and sailed about 2 P.M. for Sardinia; had rather a rough crossing.

We reached Cagliari about 1 P.M., and, as usual, at once visited a cathedral; then to the old amphitheatre, and wandered down through the town. The city seems quite picturesque, piled up haphazard on

Tuesday, March 11

Distance from Port Mahon 250 miles

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the hillside, but it is very dirty compared with Majorca.

Sailed after dinner for Bizerta.

ON AFRICAN SHORES.

Wednesday, March 12

Distance from Cagliari 150 miles

Had a pleasant night's run, and entered the wonderful harbor of Bizerta about 9 A.M. We got a pilot, and went under the very curious bridge.

Then up through the lake, and started for Tunis; a beautiful, warm, calm day. Reached the mouth

Port Mahon.

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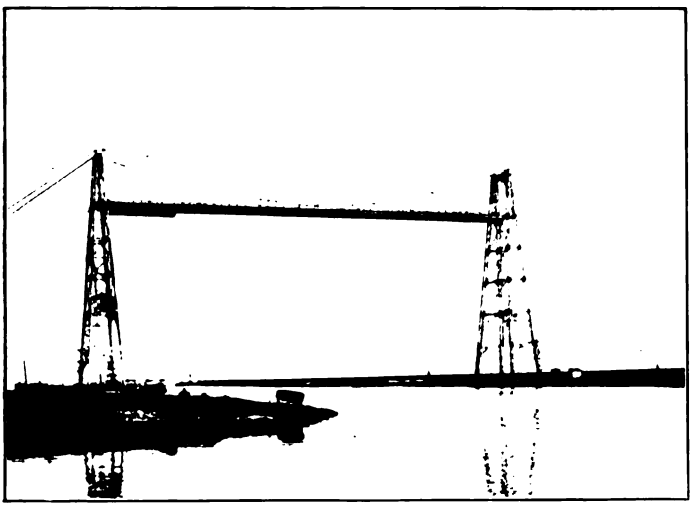
Talayot, Minorca.

of the canal about 1 P.M., and went up this curious canal that has been constructed by the French Government since their occupation of Tunis. As

Distance from Bizerta 30 miles



Bridge at Bizerta.

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soon as we were moored, we were at once surrounded by bazaar runners, and were recognized by several old friends. The delight, however, was not mutual, as there were certain bazaars we had no intention of revisiting.

In the afternoon we inspected the palace of Dar el Bey, and then went through the bazaars. It really is a frightful undertaking to purchase anything, as the time taken in bargaining exhausts one's patience. On this trip the ladies are making a collection of photographs, and that seems to be by far the most important part of the day's work, everything being subservient to it.

Thursday, March 13

We all started for Carthage, the day being superb.

Windmills, Palma.

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After a pleasant drive of about an hour and a half, we reached the site of the ancient city. We first visited the stables and summer palace of the Bey, and then with a guide examined the ruins of Carthage. It was interesting to note the progress made in the excavations since we were here two years ago, and we were especially pleased with the work of reconstruction. The people of Tunis are not nearly as fine types as are the Moors of Tangier, and there is a great deal of sickness among them.

I do not think that the French rule has been a successful one, their only sensible act apparently being the preservation of the old town in its original condition, and the restoration of the wonderful Phœnician reservoirs.

Friday, March 14

All shopping in the bazaars, and then drove to the Bardo, a former summer palace of the Bey, which now contains a very interesting museum of Tunisian costumes and antiquities.

Saturday, March 15

Sailed about 8 A.M. for Malta. Blowing hard from the east. This gave us shelter until we reached Cape Bon, where it was more comfortable, and we decided to stop for luncheon. We were under this point three years ago in the "Morven," windbound for several days, and it seemed quite familiar to be near the old light-house again.

We started after luncheon for Malta, and found a good deal of sea. No one very cheerful until we reached the lee of Pantellaria, where we dined in comfort, and then off again for a dusting.

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Carthage.

MALTA.

Sunday, March 16

Distance from Tunis 242 miles

Blowing hard and a heavy sea, but we hope to be in Malta by 11 A.M. We were moored by 11.30 A.M., and had a second breakfast, as none of us cared very much for breakfast in the morning.

We were at once boarded by an officer from the guard-ship, who told us that a lot of our old friends on the "Renown" were still stationed here. In the afternoon went around the harbor in the launch, and called on the flag-ship, where we found Ward and

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Street at Valetta, Malta.

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Majendie, and they put us in touch with the amusements.

Monday, March 17

All landed early in pursuit of the banker and photographs. We then went to the cathedral, which is one of the most wonderful buildings in the world, and is of the broadest type of Gothic-Renaissance.

The men of the party lunched with Ward on the "Renown," and then on to polo. We were put up at the Union Club, where in the afternoon we played bridge. In the evening went to the opera, and as it was St. Patrick's Day, the scene was very gay and festive.

Tuesday, March 18

All strutted about the town, and then lunched at the Admiralty House with Sir John Fisher. Then on to polo and more bridge at the club.

In the evening had a very pleasant dinner with Ward and Majendie, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, and Major Mentieth; and afterwards international ping-pong.

Wednesday, March 19

Another beautiful day. More sight-seeing in the morning, but as we were to sail at 10.30 A.M., everybody returned on time. Getting clear of the harbor, we found a slight head sea. We are bound for Argostoli.

Thursday, March 20

A beautiful smooth day. Made Argostoli, the capital of the Island of Cephalonia, about 5.30 P.M. A most attractive approach, with the town hidden around a bend. But the town itself is rapidly disintegrating, and some of the old residences, the theatre and the public buildings, are almost in ruins.

Distance from Malta 322 miles

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Malta.

These buildings were all constructed by the Venetians, who, as usual, have left their imprint in the architecture of the city.

Sailed shortly after dinner for Itea, from whence we are to drive to Delphi. We found the Gulf of Corinth delightfully calm, and had a comfortable night.

ON CLASSIC GROUND.

Friday, March 21

Distance from Argostoli 110 miles

When we came on deck this morning we found ourselves in the harbor of Itea; a beautiful, warm, clear day, with the water exquisitely blue. The harbor is quite large, and is walled in by mountains,

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rising range after range to the snowy peaks in the distance. The crags are rugged and very precipitous, and the town lies just at the water's edge, with a fertile valley filled with olive groves running back a short distance behind it.

We engaged carriages and started at 9 A.M. for Delphi. Our route lay back through the olive groves until we struck the lower hills; and then for two hours or more our ascent was continuous, with the view becoming grander at each new curve of the splendid road. When we reached the top of the ridge on which lies Castra (a little town near the ruins) the whole valley lay below us, the sea sparkling in the distance and our view bounded on two sides by the great ridges of the mountains, crowned by their sparkling snowy caps; while just behind, the rocks rose sheer and rugged until they seemed to meet the sky. Went on foot to the ruins, and clambered to the top of the ancient city, piled on its thirty terraces, until we reached the stadium, which is in a wonderful state of preservation.

We then picked our way down the *via Sacra* through the theater and the Temple of Apollo; then again back by the sacred way to the ruins of the old entrance-gate. Standing there and looking up, one could see in imagination the city flashing and shimmering with its many marbles on some like sunny morning centuries ago. Looking beyond, one looks over valleys and mountains to the sacred peak of Olympus. Certainly the Greeks understood the plac-

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Delphi.

ing of their cities and temples. We were told by the guide-book that there was a good inn at Castra, so neglected to bring our luncheon. But luckily for us some other travelers, who had better information, brought luncheon with them, and they were kind enough to give us the remains. The drive down was superb, and it was with great regret that we thus finished a wonderful day.

As we were dressing for dinner a small excursion steamer arrived, and we were much interested to see the great enthusiasm that our presence elicited; but even with our most powerful glasses we were unable to distinguish the faces of our friends.

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We saw some boats rapidly fill with travelers and put out for the "Wanderer;" and as they came alongside they called out that they were a party of Americans, and desired to come aboard and see the yacht. The steward informed them that this was not possible, so they left in disgust and dudgeon at our seeming lack of hospitality.

The evening was surprisingly beautiful. The moon almost fully lighted the harbor with its soft rays, and touching Mount Parnassus, made it show pure and white with its snowy crown against the deep black of the sky.

Saturday. March 22

Under way early; had a splendid run through the

Site of Temple of Apollo, at Delphi.

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Gulf of Corinth. Then through the wonderful Corinthian Canal out into the Bay of Athens. A beautiful day, clear and warm, with only a few stray fleecy clouds seemingly caught on the rocky peaks of the surrounding mountains which rise abruptly from the water; the clear blue of the sea sparkling in the sunlight. Far in the distance one could see the snowy peaks of Mount Parnassus, now and then hidden by the clouds.

Shortly after lunch we anchored off the Naval Station at Piræus, declining to tie up to the wharf as we were requested to do by the Health Officer. With a little backsheesh and perseverance we carried our point, and retained the same attractive anchorage. We all went up to Athens by railroad, and spent the afternoon wandering about the city, getting letters, cabling, etc.

THE OLIVE-CROWNED CITY.

Sunday, March 23 — Up to Athens early in the morning, and then all hands went to church. We were delighted to find Fred Winthrop and William Amory, of Boston, and they are dining with us to-night. In the afternoon we were all drawn to the Acropolis, and spent several hours admiring its many beauties.

Monday, March 24 — All went again to Athens where we lunched, and procured passports, it being necessary for Russia and Constantinople. In the afternoon we again strolled through the streets, and went to the Museum, etc.

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Corinth Canal.

Under way early for Nauplia; a beautiful sunny day. The run along the shore was incredibly beautiful, the sea rippling and sparkling in the sun as only the Grecian sea can; the country now spreading out to a fertile valley; again, the mountains rising sheer from the sapphire waters. But as we entered the harbor of Poros, the sky clouded over threateningly and we were in for rain. Tuesday, March 25

As we reached the town, we decided to try the passage between the island and the main land. There was only about four inches more water than we drew, so we sent men ahead in the dinghy to sound and find the best channel. It was most picturesque and quaint. The island was piled up on our left to a considerable height with rocks, the queer little village seeming to tumble down its steep side right into the water.

As we slowly ran through the narrow channel, which in places is scarcely one hundred yards in width, it seemed impossible that we should not ground. We

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were constantly interested. On one side of us was a funeral, with the acolytes, in full attire, carrying the cross. We saw the procession start, and our presence created such a diversion that even the fear of the church was not sufficient to restrain the interest the mourners manifested; and about half of the funeral *cortège* left their dead to follow the yacht.

From here we passed by a little island off Cape Skyli, whence we saw Hydra rising abruptly from the sea. We ran across the Gulf close to the picturesque little town and wished that the guide-book had not discouraged our stopping there. Anything more

Poros.

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quaint and picturesque it would be hard to imagine. The whole effect was that of a white toy village perched on the edge of a miniature sea.

As we left Hydra a heavy thunderstorm overtook us, and we dropped anchor in the darkness at the mouth of the harbor of Nauplia. Shortly after, Win-

Hydra.

throp and Amory turned up and dined with us. When we went on deck to see them off, the moon had come out, and in its soft splendor the little town nestled above us, with the rocky Acropolis towering above. There, too, was Palamède with its fortress, and just in front of us the quaint little island of

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Bourzi, completely covered with a once useful fort, which is another sample of Venetian work.

AT AGAMEMNON'S TOMB.

Wednesday, March 26

We landed, and drove over the fertile Argive plain to Mycenæ, passing Tiryns, with its Cyclopean ruins

Nauplia.

and myths, where Perseus ruled and Hercules was born. The foundations still remain, and are clearly traceable. We mentally reconstructed the missing pile, and all felt a touch of awe at the antiquity and traditions of the place.

From here we drove to Argos, and then on, wind-

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Lion's Gate, Mycenæ.

Mycenæ.

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ing across the plain between the bare rocky heights of the mountains on our right and the great wooded slopes of the range on our left.

We lunched at the entrance of what is variously described as the tomb of Agamemnon, or the treasury of his father Atreus. A most curious structure is this, built of huge stones, shaped like a bee-hive, and has connected with it a small room hewn out of the living rock. The main room is about fifty feet in height, and the diameter of the floor about the same. Then we walked on and explored the ruins of the Acropolis, and the site of the palace of the reigning family, of which Perseus is the reputed founder. From the top there is a grand view over the rich plain to the mountain-ranges, and away to the south the blue Gulf of Nauplia appears like a piece of the sky dropped to earth. Dr. Schliemann excavated Mycenæ, and found wonderful treasures of gold, which are now in the Museum at Athens. We then drove back, stopping at Argos to see the theater, which is the only one in Greece carved out of the living rock. The drive back in the dusk was charming, and we reached the yacht at dinner-time, sailing at once for Chalkis.

Thursday, March 27

We reached Chalkis about breakfast-time, and while the vessel was passing through the drawbridge that connects the mainland with the island of Eubœa, we landed and walked about. It took about an hour to pass through, and then we sailed for Mount Athos. All day long the panorama was beautiful with constant change from fertile valley to rocky peak and the

Distance from Nauplia 108 miles

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Tiryns, Cyclopean Ruins.

dusty green of the olive orchards, while overhead, far in the background, great snowy mountains rose clear against the blue sky. Just at dusk, as we were finishing the passage of the Talanta channel, we rounded Ligthæle, and strained our eyes to pick out the pass of Thermopylæ far up near the head of the Gulf of Styliada.

We are now bound for Athos, but as the weather conditions are very ominous, with heavy squalls and lightning, we decide to run to Skiathos, where we will hang on until the weather moderates.

Friday, March 28 Much to our surprise we find ourselves still in the harbor of Skiathos. It is still blowing and cool; and

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it is very pleasant to see the sea roll by this tiny island, and feel that we are perfectly comfortable and in quiet water.

Distance from Chalkis 112 miles

We landed after breakfast with considerable difficulty, and explored the picturesque, quaint-looking little town, lying, as all these Greek towns do, strag-

The Lion's Gate, Mycenæ.

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Tomb of Agamemnon, or Treasury of Atreus.

gling up and down the hillside. As usual, on one of the points are the remains of an old Venetian fort. We walked across the island to the windward side, and saw a splendid surf. We were told that the island is celebrated for its beautiful women; but although we searched for them with enthusiasm, it was in vain.

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The Argos.

After luncheon the wind began to go down, and we decided to leave at midnight for Mount Athos.

A GREEK MONASTERY.

Distance from Skiathos 75 miles

We arrived off the lower end of the peninsula about 7 A.M., and, keeping under the lee until off the Monastery of Laura (the name itself signifies convent), we turned there and ran back along the shore and around the point up the west side as far as the Monastery of Russicon. The cliffs were wonderful in the early morning light. We ran close to the shore, passing many monasteries, some perched like strongholds

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of feudal days high up on the steep rocks; others nestling close in under the precipitous cliffs, and so near the water that in stormy weather the sea dashes itself against their foundations.

The sun rose, as we steamed along, the faint morning haze became purple, and an Alpine glow spread over snow-capped Athos rising above us. We could plainly see the quaintly clad monks busy at their morning work, some fishing, some working in the gardens, and others attending to their vines; and the houses, or skeats, seemed almost innumerable. This peninsula is said to contain about four thousand monks, and is under the suzerainty of the Sultan,

Skiathos.

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who maintains a guard at the end of the peninsula to prevent the bringing of women or female animals of any kind into its sacred boundaries. But even the good fathers do not succeed in banishing female fleas. Each of the large monasteries has a representative in the Council, and they have built a central city called Karyés, where they meet for the common government.

We were off the Monastery of Russicon (originally founded for Russians alone) about 9 A.M., and the men of the party prepared at once to go ashore; but it was impossible for the ladies to land, much as they desired to do so. It was a clear, beautiful, warm day. The monastery rose sheer out of the sea, its green enameled turrets and sparkling crosses presenting an attractive sight.

As we rowed in we saw a large crowd of monks standing at a little pier, waiting to receive us. Upon landing, we were courteously greeted by one of the Caloyers, who addressed us in French, introducing himself—Father Xenophon—as the official receiver of strangers. We learned afterward that he was the "ci-devant Russian Prince W——." After finding that our passports and papers were *en règle*, we were escorted through the lower building, and started systematically to see the great pile. Father Xenophon took us first up three flights of stairs into the guest-chamber, where we were presented to the Coadjutor. The place swarmed with monks and pilgrims. This convent is one of the richest of the communities and

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Russicon, Mount Athos.

has its own steamer, which runs to Constantinople, or any port in Macedonia, bringing the pilgrims free of cost.

Russicon is one of the oldest of the monasteries, having been founded in the twelfth century. It is most interesting, and has an air of prosperity that we found lacking in some of the other monasteries. Most of the caloyers are now Greeks. All the squares are planted with orange-trees, and before each window was a large box of flowers. The halls were as sweet and clean as if the rooms were not occupied by some twelve hundred men. Our guide was much

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Father Xenophon.

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grieved to learn that in New York orange-trees do not grow all the winter out-of-doors. Our conversation with the Coadjutor was not very satisfactory, as he spoke only Greek and Russian.

After we had been served with the usual sweets and water, followed by coffee, we started through the buildings, visiting in turn the church and several chapels tucked away in different parts throughout the monastery, each nationality being obliged to have its own services. Then we saw the library, treasury, bell-tower, refectory and kitchens. In the treasury were lockers after lockers filled with gorgeously colored priestly robes and ivory carvings. All this work is

Russicon.

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From the Roof, Russicon.

done by the monks themselves; and each one makes his own boots and clothes and is supposed to be a self-sustaining unit.

The refectory was most interesting. We reached there just as the midday meal began, some eight hundred fathers and about five hundred pilgrims being at breakfast. They were all seated on long wooden benches at big uncovered wooden tables, and before each man was a bottle of white wine and a bottle of red wine. The food was excellent, consisting of a pilaff of mussels, boiled onions and great slices of bread. The pottery, which they make themselves, was of heavy earthenware, with prismatic coloring.

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At the head of these long tables a father stood and read the Bible in Greek. At the head of the middle table there was a slight break, and there were eight seats for the elders of the monasteries. In the center of this table was a huge gold candlestick, and all the service was of gold. From the refectory we passed into the kitchen, where we saw great quantities of food being prepared. Then on to the mortuary chapel where the monks lie in state after death. After being buried for a year their bones are brought back, numbered and marked, and piled against the walls.

On preparing to take our leave, Father Xenophon

Roofs of Russicon.

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said that the Coadjutor would not hear of it, as we must break bread with him. It was then only about ten o'clock in the morning and we had just finished breakfast. But it was impossible to decline the monk's hospitality, so climbing up to the guest chamber again, we found the Coadjutor waiting for us. Our luncheon, which was served by the brothers, was good, and consisted of caviar and pickled octopus tentacles, pilaff, and some barley stewed in oil, with various vegetables and plenty of good coarse bread, washed down with quantities of native white and red wine.

Father Xenophon was very witty, and we had a merry luncheon. From the dining-room we adjourned to a reception-room, and had some native dessert wines, strong and tasting of eucalyptus. Here the Coadjutor presented us with a book of views, and some wooden, carved knives for the ladies. After thanking him as best we could for his courtesies and hospitality, we mounted the mules which were to take us across the peninsula to the monastery of Batopædion where the yacht had been sent. Father Xenophon and the Coadjutor bade us farewell, and at the last requested that we would send them a photograph of Colonel (now President) Roosevelt, who seems to have impressed them very greatly.

It was a beautiful clear sunny morning as we started on our sure-footed beasts up the steep trail over the ridge. We had two fathers to look after the animals, and another monk as escort. Father Xenophon said

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Mount Athos.

that they had picked him for our escort as he was a great traveler, but he had not left the peninsula in forty years.

The first part of the road ran up steeply, with many twists and turns, by orange-trees and gardens lying near the monastery. After a while the zigzags became more frequent and the country much wilder. There were laurel and other glossy-leaved shrubs scattered through the taller trees, and the underbrush was quite thick. At each turn of the road the view back over the sea was more beautiful, and a new picture was presented to our delighted eyes. The ascent became still steeper, and our way lay through

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a forest of chestnut-trees, bare of leaves as yet, though already budding.

From time to time we passed little houses, called skeats or hermitages, where two or three monks live together, farming and working, and contributing to the support of some large monastery. After about an hour's climb we reached the top of the ridge. The view was superb. Before us the sloping eastern side of the peninsula, on our left the broken ridge, running straight through the middle peninsula. Back of us the steep, shaded, green stretch up which we had climbed, with Russicon faintly visible at the base; and then the beautiful blue sea bounded in the distance by the dark mass of the Greek mountains, while to the right the sacred Mount Athos raised its majestic cliffs on high, crowned with its dazzling diadem of everlasting snow. It was indeed a grand view, and we should have enjoyed staying there for some hours, but the time was flying and less than half of our journey completed. So we pushed down through the oak and chestnut trees until we reached the cultivated land again, with the orange-groves below.

As on our ascent, each turn of the sinuous road presented a fresh picture, only on the other side the sea was bounded in the distance by the dark lines of the Macedonian coast. Part way down the great skeat of St. Andrews opened up below us with its numerous towers and turrets.

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THE MONKS' CAPITAL.

After about a quarter of an hour of this sharp descent we reached Karyés, the capital, so to speak, of all the communities, where we spent a short time pur-

Skeat, or Hermitage, Mount Athos.

chasing the quaint guns and carved wood-work that the monks have for sale. The absence of women struck us much more forcibly in this little city than in the monasteries, and at every turn we expected to see the familiar veiled shape, but we were doomed to disappointment. One of the party, however, claimed that he saw a hen, but although he tried to

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photograph it, fortune favored the monks, and the picture was a failure.

After leaving the town, we ascended by a winding road to the top of the ridge, where the Commodore and Story decided that, as it was all down-hill, they would take a short cut. Our destination was the convent (for here in the home of the orthodox church the word "convent" is correctly used instead of "monastery") of Batopædion. So plunging down the side of the hill, we started on a sharp trot through the underbrush. We got lost at least a dozen times, and were heartily sorry that we had not remained on the road. After about an hour of hard work, we discovered the charming little hermitage and church shown in the picture. Here we struck a path that led us by the side of the picturesque little aqueduct directly to the convent, where we found the guide awaiting us.

We then called, and were received by the fathers and a friend of Father Xenophon, the doctor in charge. The father and himself are the only two persons on the peninsula who speak French or German. They showed us over this ancient pile, which is said to be the oldest example of domestic architecture in the world. They claim that the foundation dates back two thousand years; and that the pillars in the wonderful old church were given by Theodosia, daughter of the Emperor Theodosius. A fire destroyed much of the convent and the church in the thirteenth century, but they were rebuilt at

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Karyés.

once, and the church is a remarkable example of Byzantine art. The treasury is very rich, and some of the ikons are marvels of artistic handiwork, being heavily encrusted with jewels and strung with votive offerings of gold and precious stones.

The convent is built in the shape of a rectangle, and looks not unlike a fortress with its iron-barred doors and barred windows. As one stood at the church door and looked about, it brought to mind all that one had ever read of the old mediæval castles. We visited the library, the main chapel, and many smaller chapels. There are forty-one churches and chapels within its walls, and the library has the richest treasure of manuscripts in the peninsula.

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We were then taken into the reception-room and presented to a number of the fathers, who gave us the usual sweet-meats and coffee, and, in addition, many presents for the ladies; and finally, as we were leaving, a tiny glass of Greek scented cognac. The number of monks in this convent is very small, and decreasing at that, but they own large estates in Thessaly and are by far the richest of the Communities. We asked the doctor if he were busy, and he said no; that in ten years his duties had consisted merely in closing the monks' eyes at their death and treating them for colic on fast days.

The whole day was most impressive, yet one could

Karyés.

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Convent of Batopædion.

but think that the lives of the monks are really selfish. After all, what are these sheltered recluses but drones living on the heaped-up riches of the past? They are densely ignorant and hopelessly bigoted. It is as if one were set down in the midst of a mediæval community, with its manners, customs, and ignorance included. From the appearance of the monks' teeth it is certain that they never heard of dentistry. Their cordiality and hospitality were, however, unbounded, and nothing could exceed the kindness with which we were treated. They refused absolutely to accept the slightest remuneration; and we were told that,

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if properly accredited from the monastery or from the patriarch at Constantinople, one could live at Athos for many months free of cost.

It was with great regret that we left Mount Athos, but as the ladies were not allowed on shore, it seemed selfish for us to stay on. Sailing down the coast was most beautiful, watching the mountain-sides dotted

Convent of Botopædion.

with various smaller buildings; and here and there great convents, lofty on their mountain thrones, far from the world and its busy life, far from education, progress, the love of women, and all that these things imply.

Sunday, March 30

Another beautiful clear day. We reached the mouth of the Dardanelles, and about 6 A.M., Chanak, where we obtained our *pratique,* and exhibited our passports. All day we steamed up the Sea of Mar-

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Mount Athos.

mora, watching the shores with their quaint little clusters of mud-houses (so-called villages), and then about noon passed the beautiful island of Marmora. We anchored about 8 P.M. off Mudania, and to-morrow we take the train for Brussa.

BRUSSA.

Monday, March 31

It was a rather cloudy and threatening day, but not rainy, so we went ashore. We sent Angelo, the dragoman, ashore earlier to arrange for a special train, as the regular train leaves about 6 A.M. After we had gotten into the carriage, the Turkish officials demanded more money, and we had to yield to the national lust for backsheesh. After this was settled, we started on our jolting, twisting ride to Brussa. The engineer evidently considered the whistle in the nature of a musical instrument, for he blew it continually and with unflagging enthusiasm.

Distance from Mount Athos 235 miles

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The country was fertile and well cultivated, with many mulberry-trees, this district being noted for its silk. The grade was very steep, and the twenty miles between Mudania and Brussa took an hour and a half. At last we arrived, and getting into carriages, drove up into the city, where we saw the Turbehs for which Brussa is famous. These Turbehs are the tombs of most of the sultans of the Osmanli family, of which the present Sultan is the head. Some of the tiling was exquisite, but earthquakes have destroyed much that must have been beautiful; and we were told that a great deal had been stolen by dishonest caretakers. The Baths, a short distance from

Convent of Botopædion, Mount Athos.

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the town on the north-west side, are celebrated throughout the East.

After an excellent luncheon at the Hôtel d'Anatoli we started for the Grand Mosque and the tomb of the Sultan Chelibiz Mohammed I. These have wonderful coloring, fine carvings and fretted marble over the doors and around the windows. From here we went to the big mosque in the center of the town, named Oulan Jami, which was built by one of the early Osmans. Brussa was the capital of the Osmanli

Landing at Mudania.

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Brussa.

until they captured Constantinople. After this we spent an hour or so in the bazaars, but as everything was very expensive we did not buy much.

We reached the vessel about 7 P.M., thoroughly tired out.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Tuesday, April 1

Distance from Mudania 43 miles

We sailed early for Constantinople. We anchored about 11 A.M. off Tophane (or the arsenal) and shortly afterwards landed. We had quite a difficult time bringing the launch in, as the tide caught her stern and swept her on the bows of some barges. Fortunately a slight damage to the flagstaff was the only casualty.

All hands wandered around, and called upon the

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U. S. Minister, Mr. Leishmann, finding there an old friend, Garjuilo. The Minister was very cordial, and at once volunteered to get us the necessary permits for the selamlik and the palace. When we returned on board we found a lot of cards from old friends on the Stationnaires.

Wednesday, April 2

We found that it would be advisable to dock the "Wanderer," and have arranged to have it done here; so to-day we left early, taking our bags with us, as we are to spend the night at the hotel.

Mr. Leishmann was kind enough to obtain for us invitations to attend a ball at the Persian Embassy in the evening. We dined at the Pera Palace Hotel, and afterwards went with the Leishmanns to the

Brussa.

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Tombs at Brussa.

Embassy, which was a most interesting experience. The house was very large, and furnished with many magnificent ornaments and works of art. We were received by the Persian Ambassador, Mirza Khan, and turned over to his staff, all dressed in black frock coats and astrachan fezzes. Many distinguished persons were present, and the uniforms and decorations made a brilliant scene.

We had been retiring so early on the boat that at about 1 o'clock we were glad to return to the hotel.

Thursday, April 3 In the morning we all went bazaaring, and bought some pretty things.

In the afternoon we ran up the Golden Horn in

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the launch, and then over to Skutari to see the howling dervishes. When we returned we found the "Wanderer" leaving the dry dock, and were all very glad to get back home again.

A TURKISH ROYAL SPECTACLE.

Friday April 4

Another beautiful day. Mr. Leishmann, having succeeded in getting us a permit for the selamlik, we started about 10 A.M. for the Yildiz kiosk. From time to time, as we drove along, we passed companies and regiments of troops, the officers being in showy uniforms and riding splendid stallions, and large crowds moving in the same direction.

Driving up to the entrance of the palace, near the terrace where formerly stood the strangers' pavilion, we were met by an official and admitted to the sacred precincts. Fortunately we were in good time, and for an hour stood watching the gathering of the Pashas and other officials in their brilliant uniforms, and the gradual assembling of the troops.

Directly in front of us stood the Mosque where the Sultan prays on Friday. Immediately on our left was one of the gates of the palace, and on the right was the large open square, rapidly filling with troops of cavalry. The roads stretching to the right and left were thronging with regiments, even as one looked. Each moment the scene became gayer with the flashing of the gold and decorations on the uniforms and the glitter of the swords and trappings. Now and then there was a rattling of pole chains as

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some Prince or high official arrived in his brougham; and occasionally a brougham with prancing horses and wooden shutters would dash up the slope, and we knew that inside was a female relation of the Sultan.

Finally, as the time for prayer drew nigh, many more regiments marched in and were drawn up in double lines on both sides of the road, all the way from the mosque to the top of the hill by the gate of the palace, making two living walls between which the Sultan was to drive. Just at the gate of the mosque was a perfect mob of officers and Pashas, and there was another large crowd of them by the palace gate. A number of carts filled with gravel were rapidly driven in, and the gravel was carefully scattered up and down the roadway.

There is now a general air of expectation and excitement. Soon six or eight saddle-horses are led out, and put in line across the road by the gate of the mosque; then the sons, brothers, and uncles of the Sultan walk down and mount. Five or six carriages containing the ladies of the harem drive rapidly down, and the horses are unharnessed just inside of the gates of the mosque. Their yashmaks are delightfully thin, and one can catch tantalizing glimpses of their sparkling black eyes, rosy complexions, and regular features.

Then a small brougham, accompanied by two little aides about ten years of age, in full general's uniform marching beside, slowly drives in. In the brougham

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is the youngest son of the Sultan; a little chap, who is helped out and stands beside his aides to salute his father.

As the clock strikes the hour, the Muezzin takes his stand on the minaret, and calls the faithful to prayer. As the last call is finished, there is a movement on the top of the hill, and the detectives put us back two or three feet from the rail, and place themselves between each pair of foreigners. Then the great state carriage appears at the head of the line of troops and drives rapidly down the decline, while abreast of it march two parallel lines of Pashas, about one hundred in each line, with their breasts covered with medals and decorations. When the carriage is opposite the Ambassador's gallery, which strangers are permitted to occupy when properly vouched for, the troops give three great cheers of "padisha" (or father), and the Sultan bowing to us, drives quickly past into the court of the mosque, dismounting by the step on which his little son is standing and around which are grouped his body-guard.

The Sultan enters by his special door, and the mob of officers and Pashas surge through the main entrance. During the twenty minutes occupied by the ceremony in the mosque we amuse ourselves by looking about. The road is not dusty, having been recently watered, and gives off a cool, damp air. It was very warm, and unfortunately we were stationed above some ten thousand troops, who added a flavor

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to the atmosphere smacking unmistakably of the unwashed.

We become interested trying to pick out the different regiments. Some are in blue uniforms, with green turbans wound around their fezzes, while far up on the road are the Albanians, conspicuous in their white uniforms, and down the road are brown-clad regiments. As we stand watching, we see the Sultan's phaëton, drawn by a pair of milk-white stallions with gold-embossed harnesses, being led slowly down the hill by a groom who walks by the side of the carriage. Several saddle-horses are also provided, as nobody is supposed to know in what style his Majesty may elect to return.

Soon the princes come out, march across the court and mount their horses. Then the final strains of the chant of the service float out to us, and the brilliantly dressed throng surge out again and fill the court. Shortly afterwards the Sultan appears, enters his phaëton, and grasping the reins, drives up the hill at a smart trot. It was amusing to see the thronging crowd of stout Pashas trying to keep up with the carriage.

After this the throng dispersed somewhat, and we started to leave, but were told that as the Grand Duke of Oldenburg is present, there is to be a grand review, and a band opposite strikes up the German national air; then, as the strains of the Hamidiah, or national air, ring out, the troops march around the corner and swing down the hill. Each regiment marches to its

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own band, each band playing the Hamidiah, and as there are seventeen regiments in the review and seventeen bands, we become very familiar with the tune. The rank and file are fine, strong-looking men, and as they swing by at the goose-step it is an impressive sight—about eight thousand passing in review.

The Turkish Army consists of about two hundred thousand troops, and they are great fighters. The army is mostly officered by Germans. After the review was over, we drove in great haste to the landing, as Mr. Leishmann, Garjuilo, and d'Rossi were lunching with us. They had been waiting nearly an hour, and many apologies were made.

In the evening Parry, of the "Harrier," dined with us, and we found him most charming.

IN THE BLACK SEA

Everyone ashore or wandering through the streets; a wonderfully fine day. We lunched at 12 o'clock, as we were to go through the Treasury and palaces in the afternoon. Drove first to Seraglio Point, where we saw the Treasury, and then went in the launch to Dolmabatche. Were not very much impressed with the Turkish imitation of French art. Saturday, April 5

About 5 P.M. we started on our trip through the Black Sea, taking Vincent Gnello as interpreter, and were soon on our way through the Bosphorus. The sail through the narrow, river-like passage was almost interesting. So built up are the banks that one might think it was all one city. We saw the Castle of Asia

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Royal Princes Awaiting the Arrival of H. I. M. at an Illenlik.

in ruins, and the curiously shaped Castle of Europe gradually falling to pieces. In the Castle of Asia is the stone seat from which Xerxes watched his hosts cross over. Still farther on we had a good look at the many residences at Therapia, where all the foreign ministers, except the members of the American Legation, have their summer homes.

After stopping awhile at the mouth of the Bosphorus to send our firman ashore and have the passports vised, we sailed out into the Black Sea for Trebizond.

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A beautifully calm night, and now another perfect day; the bright warm sun sparkling on an azure sea. We steamed very well during the night, averaging over twelve knots, and expect to reach Trebizond about noon to-morrow. Sunday, April 6

The Black Sea has been painted in such frightful colors that we are much pleased at its smoothness and warmth; Byron's couplet,

> *There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in*
> *Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine,*

is certainly exaggerated. However, we shall probably catch it before we get back to Constantinople.

The morning opened bright and clear, and the sea was perfectly smooth. Monday, April 7

We ran along close to the Armenian shore, and tried to pick out the different peaks and mountains. The hills slope gradually to the sea, and are well cultivated. Wherever the fields are lacking, there are great stretches of woodland. Altogether the land looks most fertile and attractive. From time to time some peak, higher than the others, shows its snowy cap above the green. The shore is dotted with villages, and often one sees the ruins of fortifications.

TREBIZOND.

At last we made out the great ridge of snow which marks the mountains just beyond Trebizond, and tremendously impressive they were, rising up thousands

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of feet, apparently sheer out of the blue sea. Soon we distinguished the roofs of the town itself, built on terraces right up the mountain-side, in the form of a crescent or amphitheatre. There is no harbor to speak of, but the sea was perfectly calm, and we anchored just off the landing.

After luncheon we landed and drove out to the famous mosque of St. Sophia. This was built for a Christian church at the same time as St. Sophia in Constantinople, and is said to have been planned by the same architect. Near the mosque is the campanile, on climbing which we were rewarded by a magnificent view of the coast and the mountain with the blue sea stretching away bright and sparkling to meet the horizon. The drive back was over the same rough road, and through the same quaint graveyard we passed on our way out. We drove into the town, stopping awhile in the bazaars, and then drove out into the country along the shore.

The day was some kind of holiday, and the road was fairly alive with people. We kept on until we came to a pretty park, where on a soft green lawn, stretching almost to the sea and shaded by graceful willows, with a swift flowing little brook babbling through it, many holiday makers, in their picturesque dress, sat at little tables. From this place we drove back to town and saw many extraordinary costumes. The Custom-house official informed us that the "Wanderer" was the first yacht that had been in Trebizond within his memory, and that he had been

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there fourteen years; so we were the object of much curiosity.

We start about 10 P.M. for Batoum, taking advantage of the fine weather.

BATOUM AND TIFLIS.

Tuesday, April 8

Our night's run to Batoum was delightfully smooth. We reached there about 6 A.M. and found many ships, for the most part oil-carriers, anchored around us; and inside of the big mole we could see dozens of large vessels.

After we had sent our passports ashore we tried to land, but were sent back to await the visit of the Custom officers, who arrived about 10 A.M., accom-

Trebizond.

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Trebizond.

panied by the Chief of Customs for the District—a Russian General. After a little champagne they proved amenable to suggestions, and gave us much valuable advice as to our trip over the Georgian Military Road. Until now it had been impossible to get accurate information, and we were very glad to find that it was not too early to take the drive.

Then all ashore for luncheon, and to call on the Consul, Mr. Chambers, who was most hospitable, and who took us to the station where we engaged accommodations for the trip to-night. The town is very new and unattractive, not unlike a modern oil town in America. The Consul told us that, with the ex-

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ception of the "Namouna," the "Wanderer" is the first yacht that has visited Batoum in seventeen years.

We went ashore about 10.30 P.M., and took the 11.15 P.M. train for Tiflis. Mr. Chambers was down to see us off, and he instructed the Russian porter how to take care of us. We found the Russian sleeping

Trebizond.

carriages very comfortable. Travelers must, however, themselves provide bedding and towels.

Were called about daylight to see the scenery, which is certainly wonderful. Reached Tiflis about 11.30 A.M., after many stops for "tchai," or tea. Drove to the hotel which Mr. Chambers had recommended, and were told that there were no rooms. We asked about other hotels, and were informed there were no rooms to be had in the entire city. Luckily, however, the Commodore asked if these rooms were engaged for the German steamer, adding that we expected to leave before its arrival. The hotel

Wednesday, April 9

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people then said we could have all the rooms we desired.

Although Tiflis is an attractive place, it is in many ways disappointing, as the greater part is but eighty years old, and what remains of the ancient city is across the river. The hotel was remarkably pleasant. On one side it looks out on a quaint street with a handsome plaza, and the view from the rear takes in the swift running river. After a delicious luncheon we started out to visit the bazaars. Tiflis is famous for its Persian population, and the furs and enameled work that they bring. We all purchased large quantities of furs.

In the afternoon we arranged about taking the

Batoum.

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drive over the Dariel Pass to Vladikafkaz, and we engaged Rustum, as dragoman, who apparently has been the guide and friend of every one from Norman down. We find it is better to split up the party, as

Tiflis.

the accommodations would not be good for a large party.

A WONDERFUL DRIVE.

Thursday, April 10

All hands wandering around the town buying furs and silverware. We lunch at 12 o'clock, as Mrs. Robinson and the Commodore are to start at 1 P.M. over the Georgian Road, and the rest of the party leave at daylight to-morrow morning.

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Water Buffaloes.

At 12.30 we started with four horses abreast, *à la Russe*. After a little time spent in packing the luggage the driver arranges himself on the box in his many robes, and with the cracking of whips and cheers from the rest of the party, we begin our drive. The horses are fresh, and soon we swing out of the street on to the winding road, which runs along by farms and villages, with here and there an orchard in full bloom. We meet many farm wagons coming up to town with their products, and men and women on their way to work. It is hot, and the glare is disagreeable. But we can see the mountains ahead of us, and know that as soon as we begin the ascent we shall be more comfortable.

We cross the railroad track as we draw near

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Mtzkhete, and see it no more until our journey's end. There is an old church here which dates back many centuries to the time when Tiflis was the capital of Georgia. We do the first stage in an hour and fifteen minutes, covering twenty and a half versts, equal to

Type of Georgian.

about fourteen miles. After a stop of about five minutes to change horses and have a cup of tea, we are off again, our next stop being Tsilkane, which we reach in an hour and ten minutes; having gone on this stretch fourteen and a half versts and being now eighteen hundred feet above the sea.

Then on again, speedily putting versts behind us, we arrive at Douchete in an hour and twenty-five minutes, having traveled seventeen versts and three-

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Georgian Road.

quarters, and are now twenty-nine hundred feet high. We again have tea, and shortly after are off for Ananour, which we reach after a very quick run, wholly down hill, with only two horses.

It seems more due to Providence than to our driver that we keep to the road, as we swing down and around corners on the drive to Ananour, which is twenty-three hundred feet above the sea, and where we are to spend the night. The faithful Vincent, our dragoman, sees that we get a very fair dinner and that our beds are comfortable. Shortly after dinner it began to rain, and there was a wonderful thunderstorm.

Friday, April 11

We start at 8 A.M. on a beautiful clear, sunny day. The scenery has been very much like that of the earlier stages of the drive—beautiful, picturesque, and

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cultivated. But when we leave Ananour and begin our climb to the next stop at Pasananour, which is three thousand six hundred feet above the sea, the blossoms of flowers give place to hardier shrubs, while the mountain-walls close in, and here and there we see patches of snow high up on the rocky peaks.

As we climb up and up to Mlet the country grows wilder and wilder; and from the shelving rock, along one side of which we ascended, we see the river like a silver band far below us at the bottom of the rocky gorge. The snow, too, which at first lay only near the mountain-tops, was now spread far down the sides of the cliffs.

When we reached Mlet we found ourselves really in the snow-land, for it was all about the houses, the

First Change.

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roadside, etc. Here we had a light lunch and changed horses again, and soon were off. The road is marvelous, with a moderate grade, and its general condition and character well worthy of being copied by an American park.

We now started on a sharp ascent. The road climbs some three thousand feet between here and the next station, Gaudaour. The sun was bright, and although we passed several huge snow-drifts towering far above us, we did not find the cold as severe as we had expected. Many gangs of men were at work clearing the road, and digging the snow at the sides where it rose in places over fifty feet in height, the road winding like a narrow strip of black between two sheer white walls. The road had been open for the season only during three days.

At Gaudaour we changed horses, and then on, climbing for a short time longer until at last we topped the ridge and saw the cross high above us on a cliff. The cross was put there to mark the confines of Holy Russia; and here we passed from Asia into Europe. We had taken an extra man on the carriage from Gaudaour, and the two outside horses were here uncoupled to be taken back by him, while we started down the steep descent with only a pair. The descent was at a rattling pace, and one did not care to think what would happen if one of the horses fell as we swung around the corner of one of the many zigzags. From time to time, as we galloped along, we dashed from the brilliant sunshine blazing on the

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snow into the damp darkness of a tunnel or snow-shed. One of these, the longest, is over a mile in length, and was lighted by lamps from the roof.

At Kobi, which we reached very quickly, we changed horses again, and then started for Kasbek, where we are to spend the night. The road was not

Ascent to Mlet.

quite so much of an incline, and we had four horses again, which were so harnessed as to be well-nigh uncontrollable by the driver. We reached Kasbek shortly before dark, and spent the night there. The

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Mlet.

view of the mountain from the hotel is superb. It was hard to realize that this mountain, which seemed so near, is three thousand feet higher than Mount Blanc.

Saturday, April 12 We had a comfortable night, and at 8 A.M. started on what is really the grandest and most impressive part of the ride. We had gradually left the snow on the way from Kasbek, and for some time before reaching Lars had been winding down the side of the gorge of the Terek, which one hears rushing and roaring over its rocky bed far below. The mountains, dull brown and black, soon rose towering immediately overhead, rent with great gashes and gorges, nearly all of which show traces of land-slides. Some years ago a land-slide tore away parts of the road itself, rendering it impassable for ten years.

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These walls and serrated cliffs shut us in as far as Lars, closing in from time to time until all we could see was the blue of the sky, stretching like a ribbon far above us. This is the celebrated Pass of Dariel. At one place where the defile was specially narrow

Mlet.

we passed a small fortress, at which is stationed a post of Cossacks. Behind this fort, aloft on a pinnacle of rock, are the ruins of an old castle, which is said to have been built by Tamara, once the Queen of these parts. The legend says that she tempted travelers to visit her by tales of her great beauty, only to hurl them from the cliffs to the river below when they had served her purpose.

At Lars we changed horses again. We were in the

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same gorge for some time after leaving, and the sun being overhead changes the lines and shades of the scene. As a French writer observes: *"Les rochers sont coupés de gorges profondes; les unes éclairent le voyageur d'une lumière éblouissante, les autres*

Gaudaour.

sont pleines d'ombre et de ténèbres. Le soleil et les nuages tientes se déroulent en un sèrie de tableaux grandioses." It was indeed a never-to-be-forgotten and awe-inspiring sight. But one breathed freer as the valley opened out a little on nearing Balta. Here we changed horses again, and, instead of the two that we had from Lars to Balta, we put to four and started on our last stage.

The bare rocky walls gave place now to great roll-

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ing hills with shrubs and trees; and as they opened out wide, we saw in the soft light fields and farms with their cattle, and soon the houses of Vladikafkaz came in sight, and in about a quarter of an hour we rattled over the pavements. We found a good hotel

Kasbek, from the Road.

and had an excellent luncheon, leaving about 4 P.M. by train for Novorossisk. We had to change cars several times, and were much disturbed, as we did not have too much confidence in the Russian of our dragoman. We found the sleeping carriage most comfortable, and the journey a very pleasant one.

At 9 A.M. we reached Turkhoretskaia, where we had breakfast and then changed cars again. We had a comfortable train, and enjoyed a very pleasant day's

Sunday, April 13

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Mount Kasbek from the Rest House.

trip. Met an entertaining lady whose nephew, the Governor of Novorossisk, is to call on us to-morrow.

We reached Novorossisk about 7 P.M., and were very glad to get back on board again.

Monday, April 14

We spent the morning resting on board the boat, and about 3 P.M. we called on the Governor, General Wolkoff. We met a large number of his friends and his family, and they all returned on board for tea.

About 9 P.M. the rest of the party arrived from Tiflis, and we were all very glad to be united once more. We sailed about 10 P.M., the night being very calm and beautiful. The Governor illuminated his palace, and we exchanged fireworks.

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On the Georgian Road.

On the Georgian Road.

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Tuesday, April 15

The wind freshened during the night, and at breakfast time it was blowing very hard, but, luckily, it was directly behind us and we did not mind the sea. About noon we reached the mole off Yalta, and had considerable difficulty in getting in; but it was very

Tamaras Castle.

snug and quiet in the little harbor. We landed at once and wandered around the pretty town—the Cowes of Russia.

After luncheon at the Hôtel de Russie we drove to the imperial palaces, which are very plain and simple and rather ugly. We then drove along a wonderful road, which is quite like the Corniche of the

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A Georgian Town.

Riviera, for about ten miles to the palace of Worontzoff. This is a very large château, built in a combination of styles and exceedingly ugly. The situations of all the châteaux are perfectly superb, placed high on the cliff overlooking the sea. The foliage and vegetation were very rich, and the climate seemed charming.

Went on board for dinner. The wind was blowing a heavy gale, and the surf thundering against the seawall.

SEBASTOPOL.

Wednesday, April 16

We weighed anchor and started for Sebastopol about 9 A.M. Just as we were starting out of the

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harbor we saw a small brig, with her flag at half-mast, drifting ashore. We called to the harbor master and offered our assistance, but he said that he could take care of the boat himself, and seemed insulted that we should attempt to help him as he

On the Georgian Road.

started out in a life-boat. We had one or two heavy rolls as we left the mouth of the harbor, but quickly got before the gale and set our course for Balaklava.

The coast was grandly impressive as we steamed along close in shore, the land being covered with trees and richly cultivated. We passed numerous villas, including Tolstoy's, where he now lies seriously ill.

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Yalta.

After awhile the coast grew very bleak, and we were watching with great interest for the narrow entrance to the harbor of Balaklava, which is not visible until one is directly opposite it. The cliffs were covered with passengers from the German excursion steamer, so we knew that the harbor was close at hand.

We ran in, and as we went under the cliffs (for the mouth of the harbor was scarcely a hundred yards in width) Jack Talmadge hailed us and came out in a shore boat and went around with us to Sebastopol. When we reached Sebastopol we found it was blowing quite a gale, and very cold. The harbor is large and beautiful, and was crowded with Russian men-of-war. This is Russia's main naval port, being the only

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one that is open the entire winter. On landing we were told that the brig at Yalta was wrecked before the harbor-master reached her, and that two men were drowned.

All hands ashore at 9 A.M. We drove to the monastery of St. George, from which there is a splendid view of the coast, and then to the various fields made famous by the Crimean War. Wandered around the town in the afternoon, and then up through the inner harbor in the launch. At 9 P.M. we got under way for Constantinople. Thursday, April 17

A fine, bright, sunshiny day. The wind was strong, Friday, April 18

Harbor of Balaklava.

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but luckily it was aft, and we bowled along doing our twelve knots.

About 9 P.M. we ran under the shore at the mouth of the Bosphorus and anchored for the night, as vessels are not allowed to pass through the Bosphorus after sunset.

IN CONSTANTINOPLE AGAIN.

Saturday, April 19 — We reached Constantinople early and breakfasted, after which we landed and all went bazaaring. Dined on board. It was a splendid moonlight night, but still a little cold.

Sunday, April 20 — A bright, sunshiny day. All hands at church, and bring back Mrs. Block of the English Embassy, and Garjuilo, to luncheon.

In the afternoon we all go up in the launch to the Sweet Waters of Europe. It is a very interesting run up the Golden Horn, passing by myriads of small vessels and steamers; and then we wind our way up the narrow river, dodging the swift little ferry-boats and launches that are constantly passing us. We pass under several bridges, and on the left banks are the domes and minarets of Stamboul's many mosques.

On we dash under another bridge—if such a ramshackle old road and supports can be called a bridge. Beyond this are the houses of the Greek quarter, on our left; and on our right the Government dry-docks; then the barracks and military schools. Above, on a hill, is the large military hospital, which stands out yellow and ugly.

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Now we run among the remnants of the Turkish Navy, some twenty hulks battered and worn, and fit only for the scrap-heap. It is the custom of the Turkish Navy officers, when their pay is in arrears, to recoup themselves by selling the rigging and all the movable stores of their vessels. One vessel that had been lying at Crete for three years without the officers receiving any pay, was stripped so that nothing remained but the lower mast and several guns that were too large to be moved.

Now we come between the lower banks of the river, dotted with small houses, and from time to time pass a restaurant with its little arbors, close by the water side. These restaurants seem very popular, crowds of Turks patronizing them. Nearly every group is amused by gypsies or musicians, and there seems to be no end of donkeys and donkey boys. We pass a kiosk belonging to the Sultan, which, like so many of his palaces, is unused, neglected, and rapidly going to ruin.

We have to leave the launch here, and walk over to the main road where the crowd is enormous, all the ladies riding in broughams and flirting without much difficulty through their yashmaks. Everybody seems to be eating pistache nuts and drinking coffee, and the scene is a brilliant one. The road, however, is very dusty, and the large number of horses and carriages makes it exceedingly unpleasant. They seem to drive about two hundred yards and then turn, doing this over and over again. A number of eunuchs, mounted

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on horses from the royal stables, are doing their best to "show off." The time passes very quickly, and we are sorry when the hour comes for us to return to the boat.

Monday, April 21 — A bright, sunny, warm day. Began coaling about 7 A.M., and all hands went ashore early, spending the morning at the mosques and returning on board about tea-time laden with purchases.

It was a charming moonlight evening, and the city looked ghostly in the shining rays with its myriad of twinkling lights up the hillside, and running in a golden crescent around Seraglio Point. But one's enjoyment of a picture so lovely was spoiled by the almost incessant barking of the dogs in Constantinople.

Tuesday, April 22 — Another beautiful, clear, and sparkling day. Garjuilo came on board about 10 A.M., and we sailed for Prinkipo, where we were to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Leishmann.

After about an hour's run we dropped anchor in the charming bay, on which Mr. Leishmann's house is situated, landed and drove over the beautiful little island. The road winds along the coast, sometimes high up on the cliffs and at other times running close by the water. Along the shore were a great many seine nets, and it was curious to see the fishermen standing on platforms in the water guarding their nets from the sharks; so the fishermen stand with guns to drive them away. The country seems fertile, there being many attractive gardens and vineyards. The

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island is covered with groves of pine-trees, and the natives say it is due to these that the islands are so salubrious.

We had a merry luncheon and brought the Leishmann family back to Constantinople. We were rather sorry to return to the city of domes and dirt, and after a brief visit ashore to collect parcels, we sailed at 7 P.M. for the mouth of the Dardanelles.

MITYLENE'S FINE HARBOR.

Wednesday, April 23

The sea was quiet, and we had a calm night's run. We passed through Chanak about breakfast-time, and then ran down the coast of Asia Minor. After breakfast it began to rain and became quite cold and raw, so all hands stayed rather near the saloon fire.

About 4 A.M. we reached the island of Mitylene, and the rain ceased. We ran in the wonderful harbor of Iero, which is the finest harbor that any of us have ever seen. One enters through a narrow passage, but within it opens out into a deep and noble basin with anchorage for an immense fleet. The banks are heavily wooded with olive-trees, and the little white towns scattered along the shore add a variety of coloring. So land-locked is this large basin that as we turned to run out, no channel was visible, and we seemed entirely shut in by the trees. But there is nothing to encourage one's landing, so after enjoying the beauty of the place, we laid our course for Samos.

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A DAY AT SAMOS.

Thursday, April 24

We anchored in the harbor of Vathy before daylight, and when we came on deck were much pleased with the site of the pretty village, built up and down the steep hillside and backed by a range of rocky heights. It was a warm, glorious day, with just that briskness in the atmosphere which is seldom found away from the Grecian Islands.

The yacht was surrounded by boats filled with natives all trying to sell us cigarettes, for Samos is one of the largest producers of Turkish cigarettes in the world. We landed, and called on the Prince of Samos, Mavroyeni Bey, whom we all had known when he was Turkish Minister to the United States. He was very glad to see us, and gave us much information as to the town.

The place is very quaint and neat. Nearly every house has a little garden filled with trees and flowers; and the roses were all in full bloom.

We ran across the British Vice-Consul, who was very hospitable and took us to his house, where, according to the Grecian fashion, preserves and water were passed around. He had us try many varieties of the Samos wine, which is famous, but we found them all rank and heady. We were greatly pleased to see a large and beautiful water-melon in the market, and looked forward to having a treat for luncheon, but were sadly disappointed when we sampled it.

In the afternoon all hands wandered around, buy-

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ing cigarettes, and at 4 P.M. the Prince of Samos paid us a visit. The little Turkish gunboat suddenly burst into activity while the crew manned the yards, and as Mavroyeni left the shore in his official gig, they cheered wildly. Mavroyeni seemed very glad to see us, and was very anxious to know all the news and gossip of America. After a long visit he left us to perform his religious duties, for though Samos is under the Sultan's rule, it is really more of a Greek republic, and the Greek Church is paramount.

Friday, April 25

Under way about 6 A.M., and by the time most of the ship's company are on deck, we are far from Samos, running along the rocky coast of Nikinia. We laid our course for Syra, and all day long have been sailing through this beautiful island-dotted sea. We passed close to many islands, while others were simply a faint blue shadow in the haze of the distance. At Delos we stopped, and with the glasses could easily pick out the ruins of the theatre; and the lower, old town was quite distinct.

We reached Syra about 3 P.M., which figures an average of about 12½ knots since morning. Syra is an important, modern trading town, and looks very pretty with its colored houses apparently falling down the hillside. One of these hills, on which is the site of the old town, is particularly steep and conical, which adds much to the picturesqueness of the view.

To-day is the Greek Good Friday, so the town is very gay and animated. Confetti is being thrown everywhere, and Easter eggs are in great abundance.

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The streets are steep, many of them being built in steps as in Malta. The houses are like Jacob's coat of many colors, and the bright coloring reminds one of Sicily. After wandering around the town until 6 P.M., we started for the Gulf of Corinth.

GULF OF CORINTH—CORFU.

Saturday, April 26 A calm night's run, and we passed through the canal about 6 A.M. We had a wonderful run through the Gulf of Corinth. The day was fine and clear, and the sail offered a constantly shifting series of pictures. We ran by the modern town of Patras and passed inside of the breakwater, getting a glimpse of the

Good-by, Navro.

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place; but did not land. The wind was blowing very fresh, and it was interesting to watch the native boats with their quaint lateen sails, plunging over the sea like great birds. We now laid our course for Ithaca, and ran into the harbor of Vathi. This is another pretty, almost land-locked basin, with many smaller ones opening out like the fingers of a glove; and we were well repaid for the visit. Then again on our course to Corfu.

Sunday, April 27

Another good night's run at an average of 12¼ knots brought us to Corfu before breakfast. It was a pleasant, warm day, and the view of the town was charming. The old Venetian fortifications on the hillsides overlooking the town have a pleasant, old-world look.

All landed and went ashore, making the tour of the town. When we returned we found the "Nahma" lying alongside of us, and were very glad to see friends again. After luncheon all hands drove out into the country. It was very beautiful; the orange and olive groves, masses of roses and other sweet-smelling flowers met one at every turn. It was a charming drive to Monrepos, the Royal Villa; and we wandered through the beautiful gardens, and saw the blue, island-dotted sea, with the stern Albanian hills behind. Then we drove back through the same sweet-smelling lanes (for they are scarcely roads). The whole place seemed like a great garden. The houses were laden with blossoms, and the orange groves were fragrant with sweet odors.

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When we returned on board we found the party from the "Nahma" waiting for us, and we spent an hour or so swapping stories.

Monday, April 28

It rained in the early morning, but stopped shortly, and all hands drove out to the Villa Achilleion, one of the villas of the late Empress of Austria. Luckily when we reached there it had cleared off entirely, and we were well repaid by the marvelous view from the villa. Each time we visit Corfu we feel that no more beautiful winter home than this wonderful villa could be found. The terraces, gardens, and the surrounding country are all delightful.

Tuesday, April 29

A clear and very hot day. We spent the morning sailing around in the cutter, and about 1 P.M. sailed

Harbor of Vathi, Ithaca.

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for Cattaro, which we reached after a very calm and beautiful run along the stern and rugged Albanian coast.

THE BOCCHE OF CATTARO.

About 8 A.M. we arrived off the entrance of the Bocche, where we lay until after breakfast, so that all hands could have a good view of this wonderful harbor. The Bocche of Cattaro was celebrated in history long before the Christian era. But it is as interesting for the beauty and picturesqueness of its natural scenery as for its ancient and memorable history. It has a winding, river-like harbor, running back some twelve miles to Cattaro and spreading out from time to time into wide basins in which great fleets can safely anchor. Wednesday, April 30

The rocky walls, which are low cliffs at the mouth of the river, grow into mountains as we keep on; and in one place where their bases are in the water and the channel is narrow, the winding waterway is called the "chains," because it was here that the inhabitants defended themselves against the Venetian fleet by placing chains across. Beyond this, on the left, the basin of Risano opens out. Risano is the oldest town in the Bocche. Then we pass two little islands, each with its monastery and green-domed church; and now we run into the bay of Cattaro itself, where the surrounding mountains are even more rugged and grand.

The town is a quaint little fortified place, lying on

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a narrow strip of ground at the foot of the mountains which tower majestically above. The steep hillside has been fortified, but it is difficult to see how the stones were made to hold in their places. All went ashore, and strolled around the quaint old streets, and at 12 o'clock we took carriages for our drive over the mountains to Cettinje, the capital of Montenegro. For the first two hours of the drive the scenery was lovely and constantly ascending with charming views of the Bocche. The road is a magnificent piece of engineering, and as it winds up the hillside, one is impressed with the grandeur and beauty of the scene.

About 3.30 P.M. we arrived at Njegus, from which the view of all the gulfs and countryside was most superb. Njegus is a funny little village, built in a bowl in the hillside. About 7 P.M. we reached Cettinje, which is a very nice, quaint little town. R. H. Russell in "The Edge of the Orient" gives a pithy description of this town, saying that it consists of a palace and a telegraph office. The hotel was very good indeed, and we had an excellent dinner.

THE HEROIC MONTENEGRINS.

Thursday, May 1 A beautiful, clear day. We were lucky enough to find the Prince dispensing justice from the porch of his palace. He sat in an ordinary wooden chair, and behind him were half a dozen officers, all in beautiful Montenegrin costumes. About fifty mountaineers stood before him, and evidently were getting a very

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serious talking-to. All of these men were armed, and all carried revolvers. It was very curious to watch the arguments, and to see the interest and pleasure the Prince manifested in the subject, laughing and

Cattaro.

slapping his thigh and evincing the liveliest amusement. The Montenegrins are a wonderful race. Gladstone says of their history that it excels in heroic traditions even the classic legends of the Greeks. Physically they are worthy of their heroic ancestors. A six-foot man is thought rather short, and they are strongly built, being broad-shouldered and narrow-flanked.

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After luncheon we drove back to Cattaro, where we arrived about 7 P.M., but the drive down was rather disappointing, as much of the time we were above the clouds and lost a great deal of the view.

Friday, May 2 A superb morning, bright and warm; the Gulf of Cattaro was charming in the early morning light, the

Risano.

smoke from the town and near-by houses lying like a thin blue veil below on the water. Above, where the mists had rolled back, the mountains were clear-cut against the sky, with here and there some errant wisp of vapor caught on a pinnacle.

Shortly after breakfast we started on our run out of the Bocche and up the coast to Gravosa. We ran close to the shore, and followed the course of many

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a winding harbor with its grand ramparts of great mountains. After we had reached the Adriatic, the coast stretched along in a green line on our right; and behind this green coast-line rose the rocky mass of the Dalmatian mountains, so steep and bare that the scrubby growth, which gives the green color to the shore, has no chance on their precipitous sides.

IN OLD RAGUSA.

About luncheon time we sighted the quaint, old-world town of Ragusa, embattled on its rocky points, standing out into the sea. We landed on the Island of Lacroma where, according to tradition, Richard

Cattaro.

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Cattaro.

Cœur de Lion was wrecked on his return from the crusades, and built a monastery as a thank-offering. We had a grand view from the hill, which well repaid us for the climb. We rowed over to the town and wandered through the quaint old streets; and while we rambled, the yacht ran around to the modern harbor of Ragusa where it anchored and awaited our coming.

Ragusa is one of the finest examples of a mediæval fortified town in all Europe—if indeed it be not the very finest. Though besieged many times by the Venetians and the French, it wears the proud title of "invincible," having never surrendered to a foe. The

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word "argosies" was taken from Ragusa and characterized the fleets which, during the Turkish and Venetian wars, carried most of the commerce of the Adriatic. The walls are very massive, and one meets

Ragusa.

at every hand towers with quaint little niches containing the images of St. Blaisius or San Biaggio, Patron Saint of Ragusa.

The town has but one wide street, from which countless little alleys, none over six feet in width, diverge. The houses are very tall, for in former times the population was large; and as all insisted on living inside the walls, it was necessary to build up in

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the air. It is as interesting a place as one could wish to visit, and once having been there, one wishes to go again.

The walk from Ragusa to Gravosa is a charming one skirting the sparkling Adriatic, and passing many

Ragusa.

villas and gardens. We were glad to find the launch awaiting us, and ran five miles up the Ombla to its source. The river is very winding, with old, ruined palaces and villas of the Ragusan nobility scattered along the banks. Eventually it narrows to a little stream, when suddenly one sees a steep, rocky wall from whose base the river bursts again into full flow. We returned to the yacht about dinner-time.

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A QUAINT SHIP-BUILDING TOWN.

Saturday, May 3

Another beautiful, clear day. We left Gravosa just after breakfast, and sailed along inside of the pretty islands with the gray mountains on our right hand. About 11 A.M. we reached picturesque Curzola, situated on a charming island, built and fortified by the Venetians. In interest and general charm it nearly equals Ragusa, having the same tall houses, with balconies and loggias, and the old-world fortifications, with many "Lions of St. Mark" carved over the gateways and on most of the buildings.

Distance from Ragusa 44 miles

All landed, and wandered through the quaint streets out to the ship-building quarter. Curzola is celebrated for its boat-building, as practically all the

Curzola.

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vessels used on the coast are built here. The duomo is very quaint, with a wonderfully carved doorway, and one can pass a very pleasant hour wandering through the curious little streets.

Passing on from Curzola we rounded the northern

Curzola.

point of Sabbioncello; and then ran far back in the Gulf, between it and the main land till we reached the mouth of the Narenta River. This swift-flowing stream has been dredged out until it is much like a canal, and the country at the mouth is very flat. We steamed up, and followed the winding course for eleven miles to the town of Metkovitch.

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As we ascended the river we found the country wilder, and finally we wound along the base of the mountains we had seen from the sea. Here and there we saw queer little collections of huts, built of stones and mud, which were hardly distinguishable from the

Curzola.

cliffs. The country was marshy and bare, and did not look at all cheerful. The people seemed quite amphibious, and used the river as one would a street, propelling themselves in tiny canoes that scarcely seemed large enough to hold them. We found we had to moor alongside of the quay at Metkovitch. The town is simple and very uninteresting.

Distance from Curzola 211 miles

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A LILIPUTIAN RAILWAY.

Sunday, May 4 We all started about 9 A.M. in a funny little train for Sarajevo. The gauge is only thirty inches, and the carriages were the tiniest we have yet seen. For some time we followed the course of the Narenta, reaching Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, in about two hours. We had a good luncheon here as the train stopped about twenty minutes. From Mostar to Sarajevo the scenery was marvelous.

After reaching Ivan the engine by some mechanical device turns itself into a funicular and ascends the steep grade of the mountain-side by means of cogs.

Gipsy Girls, Sarajevo.

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Sarajevo.

The railroad follows the Narenta until then, and on either side is the most wonderfully fertile country, with rugged mountains towering above. About 4 P.M. we reached the highest point on the road, which is the water-shed between the Adriatic and the Black Sea. Shortly beyond we passed through a long tunnel. From this point the road descends toward Sarajevo, and it was necessary for the little engine to put on its cogs to prevent us from slipping down hill too fast. The scenery is superb; wonderful mountains, with now and then the snow-capped mass of the Prenje-Alps visible in the distance, and great fertile fields constantly unfolding before us. We reached

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Sarajevo, the Bosnian capital, about 7 P.M., and found the hotel very comfortable.

Monday, May 5 We found the city much larger and more modern than we had imagined, and were rather disappointed. It is quite like a modern Austrian military town, but

Bosnian Village.

very interesting, as the costumes are of infinite variety. The old parts of the town are curious enough and the mosque is quite remarkable. The museum has a wonderful collection of costumes, entire rooms being completely furnished in the native manner.

The day was beautiful, and we enjoyed wandering about the quaint streets.

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Entrance to Bazaar, Sarajevo.

Sarajevo.

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QUAINT MOSTAR.

Tuesday, May 6

Spanish Jews, Sarajevo.

We left Sarajevo about 9 A.M., and had another treat going up the mountain and then coming down again to Mostar. We reached Mostar about 4 P.M., and were deeply impressed with the curious town. It has one of the most beautiful situations imaginable, perched high on both banks of the swift-running Narenta. The horseshoe bridge at Mostar is famous the world over. The costumes of its inhabitants are most varied, and in many ways it is the most interesting town we have ever seen; its variety of color is infinite. It seems as if it were necessary for every creed, sect, and belief to have its separate costume, though all races

Sarajevo

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seem to live peaceably and happily together. We especially note one peculiarity, which we have nowhere else seen. Here the Moslem women go about with faces uncovered, while the Jewesses are closely veiled and wear, besides, enormous headgear resembling a poke-bonnet.

Wednesday, May 7 Another warm and beautiful day. We drove out to the source of the Buna. This is a beautiful body of water, gushing out of the base of a precipitous cliff very much like the source of the Ombla, only in this case the cliffs are higher and the water has formed a beautiful grotto. We drove back to the

Mostar.

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Mostar.

Mostar.

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town, and took the train for Metkovitch, and were very glad to reach the boat about 5.30 P.M.

We immediately got under way, but it was a very difficult matter turning about in the narrow river.

Source of the Buna.

Spriddell, however, has wonderful control of the boat, and in about twenty minutes we are on our way for Spalato, which we reach about 11.30 P.M.

Thursday, May 8

Distance from Metkovitch 65 miles

An unpleasant, gloomy day, with every appearance of rain. All hands ashore and wandered through the town, driving out to the ruins of Salona. We all knew Spalato pretty well, so did not think there was

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much for us to see. The whole town is built of and around the ruins of the palace of Diocletian.

Distance from Spalato 15 miles

As the day was so unpleasant we started about 1 P.M. for Traü, which we reached about 2 P.M. We landed at once, infatuated already with the quaint little place, situated on a tiny island between the larger Island of Bua and the main land, with both of which it is connected on either side by bridges.

Jewish Woman at Mostar.

We wandered about the crooked streets, lined with arches and overgrown with flowers. Visited the duomo, which was very interesting with its wonderful carved doorway and the effectively carved choir stalls.

After making the circuit of the little island, seeing the old Venetian castles and ruins, we sailed about 4 P.M. for Sebenico, which we reached about 6.30 P.M.

Distance from Traü 30 miles

We ran in through the narrow, winding channel to the big basin, which forms the harbor. This is said

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Old Bridge, Mostar.

Mostar.

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to have been formerly a great resort for pirates, and a splendid nest for them it must have been. The narrow channel, hemmed in on both sides by rocky walls, covered here and there by little patches of scrubby bushes and protected at the mouth by an old

Traü.

Venetian fort, is some three miles long and opens out into a large bay, on the shore of which and climbing up the hillside lies Sebenico. Two of the hills are crowned by ancient forts which add much to the picturesqueness of the scene.

We landed, and visited the queer old duomo, which has a baptistry with quaint carved stone cabbages as decorations. It was some festival day, and the people

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were out in native costumes; and a walk through the winding, dark, old streets took us back to ancient times, only to be suddenly brought back with a jar at the sight of electric lights serving as street-lamps.

In the evening we were much surprised to hear the strains of Sousa's marches played by an excellent military band.

THE FALLS OF SCARDONA.

Friday, May 9

Distance from Sebenico 9 miles

We left Sebenico about 8 A.M., the day being beautiful and clear. We steamed up the narrow, winding Kerka as far as Scardona, where we left the yacht and went on up the river in the launch as far as the falls. The rapid stream boils and twists in its rocky channel, and the banks slope back to great, stone mounds of hills. Soon we approach the falls, the water gushing out on all sides and falling in drops of twenty-five feet at a time from cliff to cliff down the whole face of the wall, one hundred and seventy feet in height.

It was a splendid sight, but we were driven back by collecting clouds which threatened rain. It sprinkled a little as we started to run back to the yacht, and we had barely got on board when a squall broke with thunder and lightning. Then it hailed heavily for some few minutes, leaving the decks quite white and wintry looking.

From Scardona we ran down the Kerka, past Sebenico and out its winding channel, and, turning

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again up the coast, headed for Zara. We are still running along inside the islands, and both they and the coast are rugged and rocky. The sea is a deep blue and covered with white-caps. The sky immediately overhead is a pale blue, framed around the horizon by a heavy bank of dark-blue clouds; and all is brightened by the sparkling of the sun, bright and warm, on land and sea.

Distance from Sebenico 50 miles

We reached Zara in the middle of the afternoon, and all went ashore. We visited the duomo and St. Simeon's, and one or two other churches. The town is still surrounded by the old fortifications, though it has also grown up outside the walls. We took a walk in the pretty garden skirting the old moat (which is now dry) and much enjoyed the charming botanical gardens.

We laid in a stock of the various kinds of maraschino for which Zara is famous.

Saturday, May 10

Distance from Zara 85 miles

Rather a gloomy day. We left Zara about 6 A.M. on the eighty-five mile run to Pola. There was a brisk wind blowing, but it did not trouble us until we were well clear of the island, when we got into a nasty tumble, and all hands were glad to reach Pola at 2 P.M. It had been raining hard all the morning, but now cleared, and we landed in search of Count Colloredo Mansfeld, whom we met at Newport last summer on his cruise in the "Taomina." The ruins of the coliseum at Pola are quite wonderful, and their state of preservation is marvelous. About tea-time Mansfeld came on board and told us the

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news, and put us up at the Club. We left about midnight for Venice.

Sunday, May 11

Distance from Pola 73 miles

A quiet night's run, but we found rainy weather at Venice. The "Nahma," "Margarita," and "Columbia" were here, and it was quite a difficult matter to secure a good berth. All hands landed in search of mail, and we lunched at the Grand Hotel.

Monday, May 12

A beautiful, clear and warm day. All hands shopping and sight-seeing. We dined at the Hotel Britannia. We spent the evening floating around on the moonlit canal, listening to the singing and watching the myriad of gondolas, darting here and there, looking like fire-flies with their little lanterns shining on the bow.

Tuesday, May 13

Another beautiful, warm day. All hands shopping and packing, as our cruise ends on Saturday.

Wednesday, May 14; Thursday May 15; Friday, May 16; Saturday, May 18

At Venice; warm, beautiful days.

Left Venice for Paris by train, and the "Wanderer" started on her two-thousand, eight hundred and thirty-mile run to Southampton.

May 19 to June 16

We stayed in Paris while the yacht was being painted at Southampton. On June 16th, accompanied by Miss Gray and Mr. Alexander Harrison, we joined the yacht at Rouen.

Spent the afternoon wandering about the town, and all were very glad to get back to the boat again.

DOWN THE SEINE.

Tuesday, June 17

A rainy day; so all hands spent the morning at the picture galleries. It cleared off after luncheon,

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and we started on our run down the Seine to Havre. It was a delightful afternoon, and the river and country-side were most beautiful. The banks were dotted here and there with châteaux and villas, and now and then a quaint little town nestling amidst the green trees.

We reached Havre about 8 P.M., and sailed at once for Boulogne. **Distance from Rouen 170 miles**

We reached Boulogne about 6 A.M., and landed about 10 A.M. It was a warm, beautiful day, and we wandered around the town watching the fishing vessels preparing for sea. Sailed about 3 P.M. for Southampton. **Wednesday, June 18**

Reached Southampton about 6 A.M. and went to London on the morning train, returning for dinner. **Thursday, June 19**

Called on Admiral Crowninshield on the U. S. S. "Illinois," and were very pleasantly received in the wardroom. **Friday, June 20**

George Woolsey joined us in the afternoon.

Sailed for Ryde about 10 A.M., and called on the Royal Victoria Yacht Club. **Saturday, June 21**

Then on to Cowes, passing through the assembled fleet at Spithead. In the afternoon we called on the Royal Yacht Squadron, and were very kindly received.

A beautiful morning; all hands at church. In the afternoon we steamed over to Portsmouth, and returned to Cowes for the night. **Sunday, June 22**

Made a tour of the shipyards, and looked over a lot of yachts. **Distance from Southampton 12 miles Monday, June 23**

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Tuesday, June 24

Started for Southampton about 10 A.M. Heard the news of the King's illness and the consequent postponement of the Coronation. This was a great disappointment to us, as a large number of people were coming down for the naval review.

Wednesday, June 25

All hands went to London by train.

Thursday, June 26

Returned from London, bringing the Storys with us.

Friday, June 27

Sailed at 9 A.M. for Dover. It was a beautiful, warm day. We were very lucky in our time of passing through the fleet in Spithead, as a Greek man-of-war was leaving, and we followed her directly down the line; and as she passed the various flagships she played their respective national airs, and they returned the compliment. The sight was a beautiful one.

Kiel Week.

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H. I. M. the Kaiser, Calling on the Yachts.

We had a smooth day's run, and reached Dover about 8 P.M. Picked up A. E. O. Humphreys Owen. Sailed for Kiel about 10 P.M.

Distance from Southampton 100 miles

A splendid run across the North Sea; warm and smooth.

Saturday, June 28

FESTIVITIES AT KIEL.

Reached the mouth of the Kiel Canal at 8 A.M., and spent the day passing through a flat and rather uninteresting, but very fertile country, which gave one no idea of the beautiful fiord on which the pretty little town of Kiel is situated. As we turned around at the mouth of the canal it was like going into New London at the time of the New York Yacht Club's annual cruise. The "Nahma," the "Utowana," and the "Genesee" were anchored there.

Sunday, June 29

Distance from Dover 434 miles

As soon as we were anchored the Vorstand, of the

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"Kaiserlichen" Yacht Club, called and invited us to the dinner to be given in honor of H. I. M. the Emperor to-morrow night. In the evening Von Egidy, one of Prince Henry of Prussia's aides-de-camp, called and took us ashore to the Yacht Club, and introduced us to many of the members.

Monday, June 30 A very hot day; quite like America. We called on board the "Hohenzollern" in the morning, and left cards for the entire suite; a most complicated proceeding.

When we returned to the boat we found George Meyer, the American Ambassador to Italy, on board; and we spent a very pleasant morning hearing the news. Landed in the afternoon, and wandered around the lovely little city and through the beautiful woods that grow down to the water's edge. It is really more like New London than any other place we have yet seen, and all agreed that it was one of the most beautiful little places imaginable.

The men of our party dined at the Yacht Club, the Kaiser presiding; and after dinner the Commodore had the honor of a presentation to H. I. M. the German Emperor, who had a long conversation with him and was very much interested in the Lawson episode and in the America's cup. It was very pretty in the garden, with all the lights and the brilliant uniforms. The whole affair was very informal, the company sitting about and drinking beer.

Tuesday, July 1 The Ambassador and Mrs. Meyer and Allison Armour came on board about 9 A.M., and we followed

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the race to Eckenförde, reaching there in time for a beautiful sight, the finish of all the big schooners in a heavy, reaching breeze. We saw many friends in the old "Alcea" (now the "Nordwest"), the "Lasca," and the "Yampa," now Her Majesty's "Iduna." Shortly after luncheon it rained, and all hands sat around and talked. The "Virginia," N. Y. Y. C., and the "Alvina," N. Y. Y. C., ran in during the afternoon and Griscom came over to see us.

Distance from Kiel 22 miles

After dinner the men of the party landed, and attended a "Herrenabend." The Kaiser presided, and was kind enough to place Armour and the Commodore at his table; and later on when the Czarewitch of Russia arrived *incog.*, we were all presented to H. I. H. The evening was most cheery and pleasant, but the Russians could not understand its informality, and were much perplexed at the general *Gemüthlichkeit*, and thought that the Kaiser was presiding at a meeting of Anarchists.

About 1 P.M. we returned on board, and it was a very pretty sight as the Russian imperial yacht, the "Standart," left the harbor, to see the German men-of-war train their searchlights on her and give her the Imperial salute of thirty-one guns. We found an invitation from His Majesty to race on the "Meteor" to-morrow, and to be on board at 6.45 A.M.

Wednesday, July 2

A clear, windy day. At 6.45 A.M. the Commodore was put on board the "Meteor," and immediately afterward she got under way and started for the line.

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Made a beautiful start, and averaged twelve and a quarter knots for the fifty-two knot race.

We reached Kiel at 12.15 P.M., and lunched with the Kaiser on board the "Meteor," having a very merry table; for although she did not win, owing to

H. I. M. Yacht "Meteor."

time-allowance, yet she finished far in the lead, and her speed was so great that everyone was greatly pleased.

The Kaiser and Prince Henry tugged on the main-sheet, and did their best to make the "Meteor" win. The Kaiser graciously presented us with scarf-pins in remembrance of the good work of the "Meteor."

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Returned on board the "Wanderer" about 3 P.M.; still blowing hard. Found an invitation to dine that night on board the "Hohenzollern," so rested in the afternoon.

The dinner on board the "Hohenzollern" was quite brilliant. We were presented to H. I. M., the Empress and some of her ladies of honor. The Commodore sat next to the Prince of Monaco, and had a most interesting chat with him in regard to deep-sea exploration and the work for which he has made himself famous. His Majesty was very amusing, and kept us until about 1 A.M.

Thursday, July 3

All landed in the morning and went shopping, and then called on the "Corsair." The N. Y. Yacht Club was very well represented in the harbor, there being no less than seven fine vessels: "Corsair," "Virginia," "Alvina," "Josephine," "Utowana," "Genesee," and "Wanderer."

The Commodore and Mrs. Robinson lunched with Prince and Princess Henry, and had a very pleasant, informal luncheon. All the children marched in and paid their respects. After luncheon we went with Prince Henry to the station to see the reception given to the Crown Prince of Saxony, who was making his first visit to the Emperor.

Had a quiet dinner, and in the evening received a number of callers.

Friday, July 4

A beautiful, warm day. We left at 8 A.M for Travemunde, and on our way passed the starting-line for the big schooners and yawls. Just before the start

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the Kaiser, on board the "Meteor," passed a man-of-war, which was the signal for an Imperial salute of thirty-one guns from each of the twenty odd men-of-war, so the starting-gun was naturally lost in the confusion.

There was a light breeze, with the smoke hanging low on the water, and it was a wonder that it was not responsible for several collisions. We had a beautiful, quiet run, and reached the harbor at 4 P.M.

Distance from Kiel 85 miles

We signalled to the other vessels of the N. Y. Y. C. that they were to dress ship at 5 P.M. in honor of the day, and as they came in, it was very pretty to see them break out their bunting.

In the evening Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Mott, and Admiral Von Arenhold dined with us.

IN OLD LUBECK.

Saturday, July 5

Another beautiful day, and we all started in the launch for Lubeck, about ten miles up the Trave. We picked up the "Navahoe" and the "Utowana" parties, and took them to the luncheon given by the Lubeck Yacht Club. We reached Lubeck about noon, and wandered through the quaint old streets. Saw the wonderful Rathhaus, had an excellent luncheon and returned by train, reaching the yacht about 4 P.M.

There is another "Herrenabend" this evening, but we decided not to attend, and sail at 11 P.M. for Copenhagen. We vote the Kiel week a great success.

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The "Nahma" at Travemunde.

IN DENMARK'S CAPITAL.

We reached Copenhagen about 11 A.M., having rather a nasty tumble about breakfast-time, and some of the party did not turn up until we were comfortably in the harbor. **Sunday, July 6** **Distance from Travemunde 130 miles**

We lunched early, and then landed and saw the wonderful museum. Hearing that there were to be races, we drove out about six miles, passing through the beautiful deer forest. The races were great fun, and we all enjoyed them very much.

A busy day. We landed in the morning, and went through several museums, taking the train then for Fredriksborg. Lunched there, saw the castle and **Monday, July 7**

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Lubeck.

drove to Fredensborg, the favorite castle of the King. Then by train to Elsinore, where we found the yacht and started at once for Gottenburg.

Tuesday, July 8

Distance from Copenhagen 105 miles

Rather a heavy sea, and the Captain thought it was wiser to anchor under the lee of the little Island of Anholt. It was blowing a gale, and we found the "Nahma" anchored about a mile from us. In the afternoon we put a sail on the cutter, and in our bathing suits sailed for the island. We wandered over the sand-dunes, and had an icy bath, getting quite a ducking on our way back to the yacht. Sailed about 10 P.M. for Gottenburg.

Wednesday, July 9

We reached Gottenburg about 7 A.M., and at once landed, as Mr. and Mrs. Story, to our great sorrow,

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Palace of Fredensborg, near Copenhagen.

Racing at Copenhagen.

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are leaving us at noon. We had a rather sad luncheon at the Grand Hotel Haeglund, and bade farewell to our guests at 1 o'clock. Distance from Anholt 120 miles

Spent the afternoon driving through the town,

Fredrikskborg.

seeing the picture galleries, and at 6 P.M. sailed for Christiania. The evening was beautiful and clear.

Arrived at Christiania at breakfast-time the next morning, and landed. Saw the old Viking ship and museums, and then drove to Golskircke and Oscarshall, one of the royal summer palaces. Sailed at 6 P.M. for Stavenger. Another beautiful, smooth night. Thursday, July 10

Distance from Gollentus 160 miles

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ROUND NORWAY'S NAZE.

Friday, July 11

A clear, beautiful morning, and not a breath of wind as we rounded the naze of Norway. But about noon the wind veered to the north, and brought rain

Landing at Anholt.

Distance from Christiania 385 miles

and fog, and an unpleasant sea in its wake; and we were very glad, about 6 P.M., to get under the lee of an island. Reached Stavenger about 7 P.M. Cold

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and blowing hard, but a beautiful sunset, so we shall probably have a good day to-morrow.

Saturday, July 12

A clear, cold day. All landed, and had a very pleasant walk around the rather uninteresting town; and at 11 A.M. we sailed for the Lysefjord, it being a

Distance from Stavenger 98 miles

Christiania.

most beautiful sail and our first experience of a Norwegian fjord. In some places the banks rose so precipitously that they seemed to be directly over our heads.

After reaching the head of the fjord we turned about, and returned to Haugesund, where we tried to procure some lobsters. Wandered around through the quaint little fishing town, and then started again, reaching Lervik for the night about 8 P.M.

Sunday, July 13

We started about breakfast-time for Odde, which is a most wonderful trip, passing through the Har-

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danger and other fjords. The Norwegian scenery has been described so often and so accurately that it seems needless to touch on its many beauties.

Distance from Lewit 80 miles

We reached Odde at 2 P.M., where we engaged

Golskircke.

two carioles and drove to the beautiful lake and glacier of Buerbrae; a wonderful sight and a most charming excursion. We sailed about 5 P.M. for Nauheimsund, and anchored there about 10.30 P.M. in broad daylight. It was so bright at 11 P.M. that one could read in the deck cabin.

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AN EVENING WITH THE KAISER.

Monday, July 14

Another beautiful day. We started at 7 A.M. for Bergen, passing through this most beautiful country; and at 11 A.M. we sailed through Luk Sound, which is about the width of a narrow street, reaching Bergen at 2 P.M. We landed to get the mail, and found that the "Hohenzollern" was anchored in the harbor.

We returned on board about 4 P.M., and were busily engaged in reading letters when the steward came in and announced that the Kaiser was alongside and wished to come on board. We welcomed him and his A. D. C., Von Grumme, and passed a very pleasant afternoon, our royal guest staying until 7.30 P.M. His Majesty was most entertaining, and related many interesting facts in connection with Alsace and

Stavenger Market.

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Bergen.

Lorraine. He asked the Commodore and Mrs. Robinson to dine on board, and at 8 P.M. his launch arrived to take us to the "Hohenzollern."

The party consisted of the Kaiser, Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince Wittenstein, with thirty generals and admirals. Mrs. Robinson was the only lady at dinner, Miss Gray coming on board later by H. I. M.'s request. We had a very pleasant dinner and evening. His Majesty kindly arranged the musical programme, and we had nothing but Sousa and ragtime music.

His Majesty said that the most amusing story that Prince Henry brought back from New York was the following:—When Prince Henry landed he was told that there were a large number of people on the house-tops on the water-front of New York who were very

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anxious for a glimpse of him; and, not wishing to disappoint them, he got on a tug and steamed up and down the water-front. A man on the roof of a building attracted his attention by yelling through a meg-

Bergen.

aphone, "Henry! Henry!" and upon Prince Henry waving his hand to show that he had heard, the man inquired, "How is your brother, Willie?" This story amused His Majesty very much, and he does not tire of telling it.

We returned on board about midnight, and shortly afterward Von Grumme arrived with letters and

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photographs from the Emperor, as souvenirs of the evening.

Tuesday, July 15

We landed in the morning, wandered through the town, and fed the seals, etc. Returned on board

Bruges.

about 1 P.M., and found the "Fleur de Lys," N. Y. Y. C., alongside of us, but we had to sail at once, so did not see Dr. Stimpson. We left for Ostend at 1 P.M., and after we had gone about thirty miles it rained, and rained, and it looked as if we were going to have a very bad night. About 9 P.M. we reached open water, and found it quite calm there; so we went on our way rejoicing.

Wednesday, July 16

To our great pleasure to-day we found it calm, though very foggy; but we kept on and made a very good run.

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Bruges.

OSTEND.

Thursday, July 17

Another day of flat calm. The fog burned off about noon, and at 5 P.M. we reached the entrance of the harbor of Ostend. After some trouble in mooring, we landed, and dined at the Hôtel de la Plage.

Friday, July 18

A pleasant day at this beautiful little water resort. Had a sea-bath and an excellent dinner. Owen left

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us for England this afternoon. Our party is getting down to small dimensions.

Saturday, July 19 Sunday, July 20 Monday, July 21

Ashore. Spent most of our time in the bath and in the Casino. We were very lucky at the games, so had an exceedingly pleasant time.

AN EXHIBITION AT BRUGES.

Tuesday, July 22

We started early in the morning by train for Bruges, and were fortunate enough to find it *en fête*. An exhibition of the paintings of early Flemish masters was being held in the lovely old town hall. The public and private galleries of Belgium, as well as the churches and many foreign cities, had been ransacked to add to the marvelous collection, already in Bruges, of the works of Memling, Quentin Massys,

Bruges.

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and the two Van Eycks. Tourists from all parts of Europe were flocking to the quaint old town. After enjoying the exhibition we drove about the town, seeing the famous belfry and the various other "lions." Finding that most of the noted pictures had been sent to Bruges from Ghent, we passed through the town without stopping, and reached Brussels in time to see the entire royal family proceeding to the Cathedral for a *Te Deum,* this being the anniversary of the accession of the present reigning family. The court equipages, guards, etc., were quite imposing, and the Cathedral, which we afterward visited, was hung with wonderful tapestries and elaborately decorated in honor of the royal visit. The Musée Wirtz, the Hotel de Ville, the new Palais de Justice, and a drive around the town filled in all the time we had at our disposal, and we regretfully left a number of interesting places unvisited, returning to Ostend in time for a late dinner.

In the evening Lieutenant Von Egidy and Admiral Aschenborn (who are racing the "Navahoe") dined with us, and we had a very pleasant time. We found in Ostend some ragtime artists who came on board and played and sang until the wee sma' hours.

AGAIN IN ENGLAND.

Wednesday, July 23

We sailed at once for Dover, and outside the harbor saw the finish of the Ostend regatta, "Navahoe" winning easily (Herreshoff as usual). After a smooth run anchored at 7 P.M. behind the pier.

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Thursday, July 24

All hands in London, and the yacht joins us at Southwick.

Friday, July 25

We found the " Wanderer" about 5 P.M. in the tiny harbor of Southwick. It is hardly correct to dignify it with the name of "harbor," as it is simply a narrow channel cut out behind the beach, and one has to pass through a canal lock at high water to reach it. It is, however, the only harbor for miles, and is therefore much frequented.

Saturday, July 26

We went by train to Brighton, and wandered about that typical English popular resort. In the afternoon we sailed for Cowes. It was blowing very fresh as we cleared the harbor, and by the time we were off Spithead the wind had increased to a gale, so we were glad to anchor about dusk at Cowes.

We found the "Utowana" anchored there, and Mott and Armour called.

Sunday, July 27, Monday, July 28, Tuesday, July 29, Wednesday, July 30, Thursday, July 31, Friday, Aug. 1, Saturday, Aug. 2, Sunday, Aug. 3 Monday, Aug. 4 Tuesday, Aug. 5, Wednesday, Aug. 6 Thursday, Aug. 7

These days were occupied at Southampton doing a little painting before Cowes week, and attending the races at Goodwood.

Reached Cowes in the afternoon, and found a very large fleet anchored there. The "Nahma," "Utowana," and other vessels were flying the N. Y. Y. C. flag; so America was well represented.

At Cowes.

Admiral Eisendecker having called, and conveyed to us the kind and exceedingly thoughtful invitation of the Kaiser to race on the "Meteor," we started at 10 A.M. over the old "Queen's course."

It was the race for the town's cup, and we were

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fortunate enough to have a stiff breeze from the south-east. The big schooner had all she could do with her working topsails when close-hauled. There was a large class of vessels of assorted sizes, ranging from fifty to four hundred tons, and as this was a handicap race (arranged by the R. Y. S., with its usual liberality toward foreigners) the "Meteor" did not and could not win first prize, although she covered the course in phenomenal time.

THE CORONATION.

Friday, Aug. 8 Saturday, Aug. 9

At London for the Coronation. Returned to the yacht late in the evening, and sailed at once for Spithead to see the illumination. It was a wonderful sight and one never to be forgotten. A dark, starless night, out of which suddenly burst into view a fiery fleet of over fifty vessels, with hulls, masts, yards, and smokestacks outlined in lights. The display lasted about an hour, and vanished as suddenly as it had appeared.

Sunday, Aug. 10

At anchor at Cowes in company with the "Nahma," "Lygeia," "Queen Mab," "L'Esperance," "Calanthe," "Utowana," "Normania," and "Wanderer," all flying the N. Y. Y. C. flag.

Monday, Aug. 11

Left Cowes at 10.30 A.M. and steamed to Hearst Castle; then ran up the little river to Key Haven where Col. Cornwallis West had sent a carriage to meet us. We drove to Newlands and had luncheon, after which some of the party attended a delightful

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concert, while others went in a motor-car to Highcliff Castle, and then for a spin around the country.

A very merry dinner and evening, and about 2 A.M. we reached the yacht, sailing at once for Dartmouth.

Tuesday, Aug. 12

Reached this wonderfully beautiful little harbor just at breakfast-time. The scene as we steamed in was one long to be remembered; with its high, steep banks and its tiny ruined castle guarding the entrance, Dartmouth presents a picture that is seldom equaled.

The sail up the River Dart to Totnes in the launch was very pleasant. The winding stream, with its wooded banks, dotted here and there with well-kept lawns and attractive looking houses, was a charming

Old House at Totnes.

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contrast to the uniform wildness of one of our own streams.

Totnes is a quaint little town, and we spent an hour in wandering through its streets. Returned to the yacht for luncheon, and found the old "Galatea" lying alongside. Since the death of Lieutenant Henn, Mrs. Henn has lived on the yacht winter and summer. We called, and had a pleasant chat over old racing days.

Sailed at 7 A.M. for Plymouth, and after a short and pleasant run, anchored in that splendid harbor. Wednesday, Aug. 13

Totnes.

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Spent the afternoon visiting the beautiful grounds of Mount Edgecombe, and in running around the shipping in the launch. The Hamooze was full of men-of-war in all stages of dilapidation. Most of them were in such an advanced state of decay that it would

St. Michael's Mount.

hardly seem worth while to repair them, but a vast amount of work seemed to be going on, and England's chief naval harbor presented a scene of great activity.

Later in the day Arthur Kemp and George Woolsey joined us, and we sailed in the evening for St. Michael's Mount, but a heavy fog set in and we were compelled to anchor just outside the harbor.

Thursday, Aug. 14

Fog-bound.

We were able to get off about 9 A.M., and had a

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very pleasant run, reaching St. Michael's Mount about 3 P.M. It is a wonderful rock, rising several hundred feet sheer out of the sea, with a beautiful castle perched on top, and only connected with the mainland by a narrow causeway submerged except at low water. We landed and walked up the steep path, and visited the castle, which is the residence of Lord St. Leven. The makeshifts necessary to modernize an ancient fortress, and the inconvenience to which one is subjected, are very curious. It was a warm, pleasant day, and the view from the tower was beautiful. One of the most striking features of this curious place is its great similarity to Mount St. Michel on the coast of Brittany, to which it is, however, far inferior, both in grandeur and interest. Friday, Aug. 15

About 4.30 P.M. we sailed for the Scilly Islands,

St. Michael's Mount.

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and reached our anchorage between St. Mary's and Tresco about 8 P.M.

IN THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

Saturday, Aug. 16

A beautiful, warm day. We sailed to the island of St. Mary's in the cutter, landed and walked

St. Mary's, Scilly Islands.

through the quaint little town. There is nothing of particular interest to see beyond certain curious rocks, and the people are mostly farmers and flower growers.

We sailed over to Tresco, and then walked to the Abbey, the residence of Dorien Smith, the lord proprietor of the islands. We brought letters to him, and he showed us over his wonderful gardens and attractive house. It seems extraordinary that on these little islands, far out from the coast, the temperature

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Clovelly.

Street in Clovelly.

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should so absolutely differ from that of the main-land. Most tropical plants grow here and they keep the London market supplied with early flowers. In the afternoon we wandered about, and sailed at 9 P.M. for Clovelly.

Sunday, Aug. 17

Reached Clovelly at 6.30 A.M.; a beautiful, clear day. No description can do justice to this wonderful little town, set in a cleft in the steep cliffs.

We landed and walked up the precipitous street, lined with funny little houses, looking exactly like a street scene in a play. Even the inhabitants bore the characteristics of the town, and seemed as if they would suddenly burst into a chorus. It was really too beautiful. When we had climbed to the top of the hill we got a carriage, and drove over the Hobby Drive and through a private park.

The view from the top of the hill was simply superb.

In the afternoon we walked along the cliffs to Gallantry Bower through Clovelly Park, and at 6 P.M. sailed for Bangor. Getting clear of the point we found a heavy sea running and ran under the lee of Lundy's Island until after dinner, but luckily when we started on our way, about 9 P.M., the sea had gone down a good deal, and we had a very pleasant night's run.

Monday, Aug. 18

At breakfast-time we found that we were off Dublin. We spent a quiet morning, and reached Bangor about 4 P.M. We called on the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, and had a chat with Col. Sharman Craw-

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Clovelly, from Hobby Drive.

ford and Kelly, who were very hospitable, and we wished we could have made a longer stay.

Tuesday, Aug. 19 We sailed at 7 P.M. for Holy Loch. Had an unpleasant tumble until we reached Ailsa Craig, and then spent some time stirring up the myriads of gannets that make this desolate rock their home. Then

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on, passing through lovely Lamlash to Rothsay, where we picked up our mail and reached our anchorage at Hunter's Quay about 6 P.M.

IN SCOTCH WATERS.

Drove and walked around the Holy Loch. Called on the R. C. Y. C. **Wednesday, Aug. 20**

Made an early start, and reached Arrochar about 8 A.M. Drove to Tarbet on Loch Lomond, and then made the trip through the famous Trossachs. Back again by 8.30 P.M., all tired out, having spent a delightful day. **Thursday, Aug. 21**

Made an early start for Oban. Had a rainy, windy **Friday, Aug. 22**

Clovelly.

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day, but luckily the wind was behind us and we had a smooth run, reaching Oban about 9 P.M.

Saturday, Aug. 23, Sunday, Aug. 24, Monday, Aug. 25, Tuesday, Aug. 26, Wednesday, Aug. 27, Thursday, Aug. 28, Friday, Aug. 29, Saturday Aug. 30 Sunday, Aug. 31

For the shooting we took a moor near Oban, called Glencruitten, and spent a very pleasant week with the grouse and black game. The weather was fairly good, though we had some rain from time to time; and while our bag of game was not very great, it was an enjoyable experience, and we were fascinated with the wonderful air and healthy life of a Scottish moor.

Left Oban about 9 A.M., and passed up by Fort William to Corpach and Neptune's stairs, or the entrance to the Caledonian Canal; then back again, reaching Tobermory about 7 P.M. A lovely run through the Mull.

Monday, Sept. 1

Left Tobermory about 9 A.M., and on to the Island of Rum. Saw Sir George Bullough's place. Then on to Lochna Beist, where we fished, but met with poor success; so ran on to Croulin. Here we had excellent luck, all hands fishing amidst great excitement.

Tuesday, Sept. 2

We steamed to Loch Torridon, and fished for pollock, trolling with a rubber eel and a light rod. Had very good success and found the sport excellent. In the afternoon we tried the other side of the loch, and caught about thirty fish averaging eleven pounds.

Then on to Portree on the Island of Skye; a very beautiful harbor, completely surrounded by high banks covered with quaint little houses.

Wednesday, Sept. 3

Raining very hard, and as the glass is exceptionally low (28.60) we think it is best to keep in narrow waters. Luncheon over, we steamed across to

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Croulin again, and after catching three hundred gurnets, started for Poltock.

Just as were about to anchor the gale struck, and rarely have I seen it blow harder, for although we were in a sheltered place we were compelled to steam to our anchor all night.

Thursday, Sept. 4

Still blowing hard, but the glass was looking much better, so we sailed about noon for Kyle Akin, to collect our mail and spend the night.

Friday, Sept. 5

Sailed early for Tarbet on the Island of Harris in the outer Hebrides, where we landed and purchased large quantities of tweeds, for which the island is famous. Just as we were starting the rain began, and we reached Stornoway about 7 P.M. in a blinding storm.

Saturday, Sept. 6

Landed early, and wandered about this important fishing town, which we found still excited over the recent royal visit. The people speak but little English, Gaelic being used almost exclusively. In the afternoon we sailed for Loch Torridon again, and spent the day in fishing.

Sunday, Sept. 7

Made an early start for the Island of Staffa. We explored Fingal's Cave in the gig, and then sailed for Iona, with its wonderful early Christian ruins and Runic crosses.

It was a perfect day, still and calm, and the scene was very beautiful. The sail back to Oban was most enjoyable.

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A HIGHLAND BALL.

Monday, Sept. 8 At Oban. Landed in the morning and spent the day at the Highland games, but there were rather too many pipers for our enjoyment, one hundred and eighty of them competing.

In the evening we attended a ball, and it was very

Luncheon in Glencruitten.

interesting to see the Highland gentry in kilts and tartans, many of the ladies wearing the clan ribbon "*en écharpe,*" with their smart ball gowns; and all, young and old, entering with equal zest into the reels, schottisches, and other energetic dances.

The Argyleshire gathering brings together the clans from far and near, and the annual ball is always a social function. A Highland peculiarity, which at first puzzled us a good deal, is the habit of designat-

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ing a man by the name of his estate. When one meets Portallock there is nothing to indicate to the stranger that his name is Malcolm, or that Lochbuie is McLean, and the various Campbells are always intro-

The Main Saloon.

duced as something else. But the kindness and hospitality are the same under whatever name they figure, and our Scotch trip was a delightful one in every way.

Shooting at Glencruitten, and in the evening had dinner on board. **Tuesday, Sept. 9**

At anchor at Oban during the regatta of the Royal Highland Yacht Club. We entered the sailing cutter, **Wednesday, Sept. 10**

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Thursday, Sept. 11 and were well in the lead when she carried away her mast. It was really very discouraging.

Friday, Sept. 12 We sailed after lunch for the Island of Collonsay, the residence of our old friend, Sir John McNeil, and reached there about dusk.

Saturday, Sept. 13 A smooth day's run.

Sunday, Sept. 14 We landed in the morning, and then went over to Loch Craignish, where our friends, the Gascoignes, have their home. Craignish Castle is said to be the oldest inhabited residence in Great Britain. We spent the afternoon walking through the place, and in the evening sailed for the Isle of Man.

HOME!

Monday, Sept. 15 A clear, beautiful day. We all landed about 9 A.M. at Douglas, and attended the open-air church services. In the afternoon we drove to Castletown where the yacht met us; and at 7 P.M., a clear, calm night, we started off on our last run to Holyhead, where we leave for London, the yacht going around to Southampton.

The "Wanderer" left Southampton October 8th, and twelve days and six hours later reached Newport, having had a fairly comfortable trip, stopping on the way at the Azores.

THE END.

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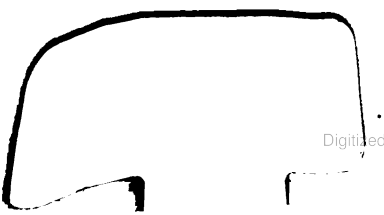

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